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SIXPENCE.



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

*"I have entire confidence in the British soldier." And Tommy Atkins has fullest confidence in "Bobs."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY POOLE, WATERFORD.



## THE CLUBMAN.

I wrote in my article last week that the dark days, which, I hope, will soon now pass away, have served to bind together the men of the same blood, of the same caste. I should have gone beyond that. The war has now brought all true Britons into line. Of the good effect on the Regular Army of having the Volunteers in its ranks, the personal national interest this sending of citizen soldiers to aid their professional comrades shows, of the pride that the Volunteer regiments which contribute companies will have in the doings of the regiments of which they will be a part now in reality and not only in name, of the "honours" that Volunteers and Yeomen and Militia will earn a right to carry, I need scarcely write. We all, gentle and simple, feel to-day, when we see the response that Great Britain has made, prouder than ever that we are Britons; and when we look across the sea and see our brothers in all the Colonies doing their share, and more than their share, in sending men to fight the Empire's battles, we feel indeed that they merit the title of "Greater Britain."

I dined last week with some German officers who are staying in London. Except that they said that all the nations of Europe were sitting learning lessons from our war, they made no remarks about the actual operations; but they had a great deal to say as to the spirit of the British people and the manner in which reverses are met. The buoyancy of spirit, which is not a characteristic of the German nation, with which each reverse has been answered by a great wave of military enthusiasm, the ripples each time spreading further, commanded their admiration. A Captain of Bavarians put it, I thought, rather neatly when he said, "Your nation is like your prize-fighters. It is a good thing that they get three or four nasty blows in the first round to get their blood up."

I believe in buoyant spirit, and I believe in cheerfulness, and I believe in faith in our destiny. We generally do not succeed at first, but we do eventually. The history of the Peninsular Campaign is good reading just now. We made exactly the same mistakes in the early days of the campaign then as we are making now, and won very much the same successes. The passage of the Douro was something after the fashion of the Battle of the Modder River, and at Talavera, which was fought before our officers and men had thoroughly learned the lessons which have to be learned anew in each big campaign, every possible blunder was committed. Badajoz was a more difficult nut to crack than any Boer position, but it was cracked in the end.

If we do not feel cheerful, we should at least appear to be so at this time of the year, for the sake of the children. Every child looks to Christmas-time as the real holiday-time of the year. South Africa is to the tiny men and women only a pink place on a tiresome map, and war has no real meaning at all. But Santa Claus and crackers, and the plum-pudding with its blaze of fire, and the pantomimes, are very real and very important things in the land of the child enthroned, and we ought not to abate their enjoyment at the time of the festival of childhood.

Lord Roberts is now left with a family of two daughters only, and the loss of his only son must weigh on the gallant Field-Marshal, for he was very proud of him. The circumstance reminds me of Lord Collingwood, the valiant old Admiral. He also at the close of a career of constant active service found himself the bearer of a title and with two daughters as his only children. He was most anxious that his title should not expire, and petitioned, but in vain, that it might be continued through the distaff side.

It will be remembered that, after the Battle of Omdurman, Sir Herbert Kitchener and Mr. Rhodes exchanged messages. "When are you coming up?" was what the General asked. "When are you coming round?" the statesman might well now ask in reply.

There was a certain splendour in the way that the City of London rose to the occasion as soon as Volunteers were called for. The sending out of 1000 Freemen of the City has a fine ring of the brave days when the City had its train-bands and guarded its own gates and walls. If some great painter wants a subject for a picture to add to the historic series on the walls of the Exchange, what could make a finer design than the Lord Mayor, Councillors, and Aldermen rising in their places in council and singing "God Save the Queen"?

One or two instances have come under my notice in the past few days of thoroughly qualified Volunteers who wished to enlist in the Imperial Yeomanry, but were not able to do so, for they had no horses. There are many patriotic men who cannot go to the war, but who would willingly give a horse for service. It is only a matter of bringing the men together.

The Beefsteak Club, which is one of the most exclusive of all the London Clubs, the great bow-window and high-pitched roof of which, opposite the Garrick Theatre, puzzle many men who think they know every landmark in London, has just had one of its most rigorous rules broken. The Club admits no strangers within its gates. A few honorary members, mostly foreigners, are given the *entrée* of the Clubhouse, but the Englishman who is not a member never passes the little door in Green Street. Some of the gentlemen of Mr. Bill Sikes' profession, however, paid an unexpected visit to the Club after 4 a.m., the hour at which the Club closes, and were so charmed with the appointments of the Club that they took away many mementoes with them, much to the disgust of the members.

I hear that once more the Sports Club has found occasion for a storm, not in a tea-cup, but a tumbler. It is to be hoped that the sails of the Club, which seemed to be set for a steady wind of prosperity, will not be disturbed by this little contrary breeze.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The fact that both Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are already on their way to "the front" speaks much for the promptness with which these Commanders have responded to the call of duty. While the latter left Khartoum on the 20th inst.—within seventy-two hours of the receipt of his instructions—the former sailed from Southampton last Saturday. In the same vessel—the *Dunottar Castle*—were General Kelly-Kenny, Commander of the Sixth Division, and his Staff.

On Wednesday last details were published concerning the enrolment of an Auxiliary Force for active service in South Africa. The troops composing it are to be furnished from two sources—(1) the Yeomanry, and (2) the Volunteers. In both instances the term of enlistment will be for one year, "or for not less than the period of the war." While the mounted division of the "Citizen Army" is to be primarily recruited from the Yeomanry, members of Volunteer corps and civilians who possess the necessary qualifications are also eligible to join. These qualifications are that candidates must be between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, be able to ride and shoot well, and that their standard of physique be equal to that of the Regular Cavalry. The accepted applicants will be required to provide their own horses, clothing, saddlery, and accoutrements, but a capitation grant will be allowed for these. Pay, at the usual cavalry rates, will also be issued to all ranks. In supreme command will be Lord Chesham (with the local rank of Major-General), while Lord Lonsdale has consented to assist in obtaining suitable horses. Among the Committee which has been formed to organise this force are Colonel Lucas and Colonel Viscount Valentia. Captain the Hon. W. Bagot and Captain Sandwith, 8th Hussars, are to act as Staff Officers to Lord Chesham.

With regard to the Volunteer Division of this force, the intention of the military authorities is to attach to every Infantry Battalion in South Africa a company of 110 rank-and-file (with 4 officers). The number of men thus raised will approximate 7000. On their arrival in South Africa, it is probable that they will be largely employed on the lines of communication. Be their share of the work what it may, however, one thing is certain—the "citizen soldiers" will do it well.

In addition to these bodies, our troops at "the front" are to be reinforced by a third. This, which is being raised by the enterprise of the Lord Mayor, is to take the shape of a regiment of 1000 picked men. The whole cost of their equipment and maintenance in the field is to be borne by the Corporation of the City of London and the great City Companies in combination. To collect subscriptions for this purpose, a meeting of the principal bankers and merchants was held at the Mansion House as soon as the acceptance of the City's offer was made known. A most liberal response was made to the Chief Magistrate's appeal, and nearly £60,000 was subscribed by those present.

During the past few days more detailed information has come to hand concerning General Buller's recent check at Colenso. From this it appears that the number of English troops engaged on this occasion did not exceed 10,000. The strength of the force opposed to them cannot, however, be properly estimated, as the Boers remained under cover during the whole of the action. Nevertheless, the total must have been a very large one, as the enemy occupied about ten miles of country.

Many instances of individual acts of heroism on that hard-fought battlefield have been reported, and the splendid gallantry displayed by all ranks has won the unstinted praise of such severe critics as the military authorities of Germany. The Victoria Cross must have been earned at least a dozen times over during those eight hours of desperate fighting upon the bullet-swept banks of the Tugela River. Foremost among the heroes of this day was Captain H. L. Reed, 87th Field Battery R.A., who has been recommended by General Buller for the V.C. Sir Redvers himself all fully justified his old reputation for contempt of danger. "Wherever the bullets and shells flew thickest," writes a War-Correspondent, "Buller was there." How thick this leaden hail was can best be estimated from the number of narrow escapes that befell his Staff, together with that of General Clery. Amongst these were those of Captain Boyce, whose horse was killed under him, and of an Aide-de-Camp who actually had a bullet through his helmet.

Other information that has since been received declares that Colonel Long's guns were not captured by the enemy, but were compulsorily abandoned by our Artillery, owing to all the horses having been shot. Consequently, the guns were left on the ground, where they remained until at least the next day. The casualty list of the non-commissioned officers and men killed during this battle is now authoritatively stated to amount to 137. It will be remembered that General Buller's original estimate was only 82. The increase is probably due to the fact that many who were at first reported "missing" have now, unfortunately, had to be included in the graver category.

On the 18th inst. General French had a brush with the enemy at a place known as Jafontein Farm. In this engagement the New Zealand contingent, which formed a portion of our troops, behaved with exceptional gallantry.

From the Western Border the latest reports state that the condition of affairs at Modder River Camp is unaltered. At Magersfontein, however, the Boers are said to be strengthening their position.

At home, the utmost activity is being displayed in embarking the troops of the Sixth Division, and over 2000 sailed from Southampton on Friday last. The different regiments composing the Seventh Division are also being rapidly mobilised at Aldershot, and Lieut.-General C. Tucker, C.B. (who is to command it), has already left India.





MAJOR-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.,

APPOINTED CHIEF OF LORD ROBERTS' STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## "BOBS" AND HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN.

The decision of the National Defence Committee (as announced on the 18th inst.), to despatch to the front Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., and Major-General Lord Kitchener, has naturally aroused a good deal of public interest in the personalities of these two distinguished officers. While the first-named is to take command of the British Army in South Africa, the second is to accompany him in the responsible position of Chief of Staff. It should be noted, however, that the impression to the effect that these appointments necessarily imply the supersession of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Archibald Hunter (who have hitherto been acting in these capacities) is an erroneous one. These officers will retain their present posts in Natal; the new-comers will assume the direction of affairs in Cape Colony. By this wise provision, the tremendous weight of responsibility which, during the past couple of months, has devolved upon one man will now be shared by two. As a result, the rather dark outlook that exists at this moment is bound to be speedily brightened.

Frederick Sleigh Roberts, V.C., Field-Marshal in the English Army, a soldier of forty-eight years' service, and the hero of six hard-fought campaigns, is the younger son of the late General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B. Born in 1832, he is now sixty-seven years of age. Consequently, he has reached a time when he might justifiably expect to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment of the repose that his long and arduous career has fully entitled him to. "Bobs," however—as he is affectionately known throughout the Army—is a soldier before all else, and so once more, at the call of duty, he prepares to serve his Sovereign and his country.

Destined for the Army from his boyhood, the present Field-Marshal entered the Bengal Artillery in 1851, at the youthful age of nineteen. As soon as he arrived in India he was posted to a Mountain Battery at Peshawar. Here he displayed his military qualities so conspicuously that before many weeks had passed he was specially selected for a transfer to that *corps d'élite*, the Bengal Horse Artillery.

When the long-gathering storm-clouds of the Sepoy Revolt eventually burst, in May 1857, the young Gunner's keenness for fighting was soon being indulged in up to the hilt. Having qualified—by mastering the vernacular—for an appointment on the Staff, Lieutenant Roberts (as he then was) served through the whole of that memorable campaign as a Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General. In this capacity he greatly distinguished himself on numerous occasions.

When tranquillity was at length restored, the gallant young officer found himself still a Subaltern, although specially thanked in General Orders by the Governor-General and invalided home on account of wounds received in action. In 1860, however, his long-deferred promotion was accorded him, and he became Captain and Brevet-Major. After another five years' service in India (during which period he took part in the Umbeylah Campaign of 1863), his health broke down, and he was again sent to England. On the outbreak of the Abyssinian War, he hurried back to duty, and was employed as Transport Officer to the British troops engaged in this expedition. The value of his services on this occasion was so marked that Lord Napier chose him for the honour of conveying the final despatches to the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-Chief. He was also made a Lieut.-Colonel and given the command of a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Going back to India about this time, he now spent several years on active service and Staff duty in the various "little wars" on the frontier in which we were then engaged. In 1875, after having completed nearly a quarter of a century in the Army, he was made Quartermaster-General in India. Then came the Afghan Campaign of 1878, in which he commanded the Koorum Field Force. This was succeeded, in the following year, by a second and more important campaign in the same country, during the progress of which he directed the operations of the Kabul Field Force. Ever a "man of action," Lord Roberts never displayed his vigorous qualities to better advantage than he did on this occasion. Thus, although he did not leave Simla until Sept. 6, 1879, he had, by the 8th of the following month, led his troops across the Shutargardan River, fought and won the Battle of Charasiah, and captured Kabul. Such a record has seldom been equalled—and certainly never surpassed—in the annals of our military history.

It was from Kabul that he subsequently conducted his ever-memorable march to Kandahar—a piece of generalship which promptly resulted in the dispersal of Ayoub Khan's entire army, and the consequent cessation of hostilities. In recognition of this brilliant achievement, Major-General Roberts (as he then was) received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was created a Baronet, and made Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army.

His health, however, had been so undermined by the arduous nature of the campaign which he had just brought to a triumphant conclusion, that he was compelled to recuperate in England. This was at the commencement of 1881, when the first Transvaal War was raging. The unfortunate episode of Majuba made it imperative that the best soldier available should be instantly sent out to South Africa to take command. Naturally, the choice devolved upon the soldier who in Afghanistan had just displayed such fine generalship. Roberts accordingly was despatched to the front post-haste, but while *en route* thereto the sudden and inexplicable proclamation of peace by the Government then in power occasioned his recall.

At the end of the year, he arrived in Madras, to take up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency. After holding this post for four years, he gained, in 1885, the blue ribbon of an Indian

officer—the Commandership-in-Chief of the Forces in India. His tenure of this expiring in 1893 (just a year after he had been raised to the Peerage), he came home, and, two years later, succeeded Lord Wolseley as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. It is from this position that he now goes forth to once more lead an army in the field.

The son of a soldier, it was only natural that Lord Roberts' right-hand man should himself follow the same career. Accordingly, in 1871, after being educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Horatio Herbert Kitchener entered the Service as a Subaltern in the "Sappers." Going abroad almost at once, he speedily obtained employment on the Palestine Survey. In 1878 he went to Cyprus, and spent twelve months there in a similar capacity. Then came a year's duty as Vice-Consul in Anatolia, on the completion of which he went back to his former work.

In the early 'eighties the young Engineer officer recognised the vast possibilities afforded his profession by service in Egypt. Accordingly, he applied for a post in the Army there, and, being able to speak Arabic fluently, was in 1882 given the command of the native cavalry. In the following year he took part in the Soudan Campaign that was in progress about this period. In 1888 he commanded a Brigade of the Egyptian Army during the operations near Suakin, and in 1889 was similarly employed in the Soudan.

From 1896-98, Lord Kitchener (who became Sirdar in 1892) was almost continuously on active service. Thus, in 1896 he regained from the Dervishes the lost province of Dongola; in 1897 he brought the Nile Expedition to a successful conclusion; and, finally, in 1898 he planted the Union Jack upon the battlements of Khartoum. In recognition of his distinguished services on this occasion he was created Baron Kitchener of Khartoum, and of Aspell, Suffolk.

The personality of Lord Kitchener has been so frequently described that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. As everyone knows, he is a man of action rather than of words, and, like Sir Redvers Buller, belongs to that stern, grim school of soldiers that believe in silence and hard work. As Mr. G. W. Steevens has said of him, he is "marble to sit still and fire to smite, steadfast, cold, and inflexible." These few words make up the best pen-portrait imaginable.

## THE NEW CHIEF OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

Colonel Hector Macdonald is hurrying from India to South Africa to take up the command of the Highland Brigade there, in succession to the lamented General Wauchope. During the Soudan Campaign, a well-known War-Correspondent came upon a brigade-staff, and saluted the Chief. "General Macdonald, I presume?" "Well," was the answer, "I am Macdonald, but only a Colonel in command of a brigade." Those who know Colonel Macdonald personally are aware of his great modesty, without having it illustrated by such an incident as this. When, last summer, he returned home from Egypt, to be lionised by his enthusiastic countrymen, one of his difficulties was to get them to call him "Colonel," not "General."

At this moment his rank in the Queen's Army is still that of a full Colonel. His Indian appointment has given him the local rank of Brigadier-General, and his South African command will make him a Major-General in the field. But, meanwhile, as has been said, he is Colonel Hector Macdonald, Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Commander of the Bath, wearer of the Distinguished Service Order and ever so many other decorations. It is not too much to say that in this Highlander from Ross-shire we have one of the most remarkable soldiers of the day. He was in his 'teens when he enlisted with the Gordon Highlanders, and at the age of forty-seven he commands the Highland Brigade. A man who is able to look back upon such a record cannot be an ordinary man.

Like most young Scots, whatever their means, Colonel Macdonald received a good education. All along he has been a student of languages as well as of military science, and he speaks Arabic and Hindustani. He worked on the little Ross-shire farm which for generations had been the home of his family, and then he went into business at Inverness. But he sighed to be a soldier—that was in his blood—and what regiment had more attraction for a spirited Highlander than the one which the Duchess of Gordon first enlisted with a kiss and a shilling. He found service after his heart in the Afghan War, and there came under the notice of Lord Roberts and Sir George White. The former, of course, was in command of the Afghan Expedition; the latter was a leading officer of the Gordons. For conspicuous acts of bravery and deeds of soldierly worth, Colour-Sergeant Macdonald was given a Lieutenant's commission in his own regiment.

While still a Second-Lieutenant he accompanied the hundred or two of Gordon Highlanders who were with the unfortunate Colley at Majuba Hill. Colonel Macdonald has known really desperate fighting again and again, but never perhaps such a struggle as that was. He held his corner of Majuba Hill until the bitter end, and the story that he kept fighting after his weapons of defence had been exhausted is quite true. The Boers remember him with admiration.

Our wars in Egypt have kept Colonel Macdonald steadily employed, and his work at Omdurman is history. He is a bachelor, and would probably say that he has never found time to get married. A handsome bachelor he is, too, especially in the Highland dress, which so well becomes a clean-cut, sinewy, alert figure like his. His good fortune has not spoiled him in the least; he is still the simple, kindly Highlander, though stern enough, a master leader, when the battle is on. That the people of Scotland are proud of him goes without saying; that he will one day be a chief indeed, as Sir Hector Macdonald, they do not doubt. More strength to his claymore!



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen's sudden decision to spend Christmas at Windsor is a striking testimony to the Sovereign's determination to remain closely identified with the joys and sorrows of the nation. Her Majesty has

remained at Windsor was in order that she might receive Lord Roberts in long private audience without in any way delaying his preparations for what will probably be a long absence from home.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD, A.D.C. TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO SUCCEEDS THE LATE GENERAL WAUCHOPE  
IN COMMAND OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

so many sad associations connected with Windsor Castle that it has been her practice for many years to spend the greatest festival of the year at Osborne, where the Royal change of plan caused much natural disappointment. It is whispered that the two admirable appointments which were first announced on the 18th were not made without direct reference to the Queen, and also that one reason why Her Majesty

A sad gloom has been cast over high Society by the gallant death of Lord and Lady Roberts' only son. Lieutenant Roberts was such a soldier as Irishmen love, gay, good-tempered, generous-hearted, and possessing the fine breeding which makes a young man as courteously kind to an old applewoman as to a pretty girl. Many touching proofs of sympathy and respect have been shown to Lady Roberts and her



daughters by the Dublin poor, and unobtrusive signs of deep grief are observable about all those connected with the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. It is strange how many brave men who seemed to bear a charmed life when under fire have met their death in the present campaign. General Wauchope, Lord Winchester, and now Lieutenant Roberts, are cases in point. The latter, indeed, was beginning to be considered almost as "lucky" as his famous father.

The Empress Eugénie's was among the first telegrams of condolence to reach Lord and Lady Roberts. It may be safely asserted that no living being sympathises so keenly with the nation's present hopes and fears as does the ex-Empress of the French. "I never thought," she is reported to have said to an English friend, "to spend again so sad a Christmas." Partly owing to the fact that Farnborough is so near to Sandhurst, Her Imperial Majesty keeps in close touch with British Army matters. One of her few intimate English friends is Sir Evelyn Wood, to whose wife she was deeply attached, owing to the fact that together they made the pilgrimage to Zululand which was undertaken by the Empress the year following the Prince Imperial's death.

Again there are persistent rumours that the Duke of Connaught is very anxious to be allowed to go to the front "in any capacity." This fact (which was first announced in *The Sketch*) is well known to all those about His Royal Highness; indeed, it is said that the Duke would willingly waive any question of his seniority, and that he is ready to serve under any one of the distinguished commanders now in or on their way to South Africa. Both the Duke



MRS. SPROT, WIFE OF MAJOR A. SPROT.

*Her gallant husband is Second-in-Command of the Carabiniers, the regiment that so distinguished itself in the skirmish at Arundel. Photographed by Miss Alice Hughes from a Painting by Mr. Edward Hughes.*

and the Duchess have given up all thought of going abroad, and Her Royal Highness is taking an active part in the distribution of the various funds which have been instituted for the benefit of the soldiers' wives and families.

The good folk of Nice refuse to believe that it was the execrable vulgarity of the Gutter Press of Paris that decided Her Majesty to boycott the Côte d'Azur this winter. With perfect reason, they ask whether the Queen could recall one incident, however trivial, that had marred her visits to the South of France. Not even in Scotland is she more revered than by the Niçois, and particularly by the peasantry. The idea is that the motor-car is responsible for all, and certainly this modern form of noisy, evil-smelling, and snorting locomotion is surely but steadily replacing the old-time sleepy calm of the Littoral by a clanging, roaring workshop.

Again and again, during her last visit, the Queen cut her drives short on account of the automobiles. Her horses became restive, and more than once were on the point of bolting, frightened out of their lives by the screeching of the horns and the mad rush of these cars. Her Majesty made no secret of the fact to her intimates that it was not to be almost suffocated with the smell of petroleum and coal-smoke that she had made a long voyage in search of rest and the beautiful. The Municipality have decided to save the situation, if it is possible, by passing a series of drastic bye-laws regulating the motor traffic, for it is not only the Queen that they have lost, but also the wealthy of all countries, who refuse absolutely to bring a stud of horses to a place where no animal with an



LATEST PHOTO OF LIEUT.-COLONEL GOFF, 1ST BATTALION ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. COODE, OF THE "BLACK WATCH," KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



ounce of blood in its body could be counted upon not to take fright and bolt at any moment during a drive.

The Queen's room in her hotel at Nice remains as she left it. Not one of the nicknacks that she left behind on her last visit has been disturbed. Quite recently some American millionaire proposed taking

treasure-trove of American humour with which to beguile convalescence. There has been a great deal of friendly rivalry between those who have had the organisation of the *Princess of Wales* hospital-ship and the *Maine*, and the result in both cases has been very happy, for each of these "palaces of pain" may be said to make a record.

The late General Wauchope's portrait is, I think, one of the few among the scores of killed and wounded officers that have recently appeared in our illustrated papers that represents a military officer quite clean-shaven. The regulations do not permit an officer in Her Majesty's Army to shave his upper lip; but in certain cases, when that martial appendage, the moustache, is of a somewhat sparse and scattered growth, its removal (so a military friend informs me) is allowed, or, at any rate, winked at. General Wauchope's face had almost a legal character, and that, combined with his by no means formidable stature, gave him at a little distance a very youthful appearance. A friend who saw him at a Levée not very long ago told me that some people were quite surprised to see so young an officer with such a splendid display of decorations; but, on approaching him, they found a wiry, tough, and seasoned soldier considerably older than they had imagined at a first glance.

Talking of the military moustache, I remember that that most dashing and excellent officer, the late Major "Roddy" Owen, who died of cholera in the Soudan, was perfectly clean-shaven. He was a "gentleman jock" of renown, and strongly objected to the cultivation of his moustache on account of his sporting proclivities. I believe he had several encounters with the authorities on the subject, but he stuck to his point, and his razor, though it is doubtful if his excuse, that he had little or nothing to shave, was really believed. Years ago, he was pointed out to me at Aldershot Station, and I remember thinking him far more like a keen sportsman than a brilliant soldier, though there is no doubt that he was both.

Very many of my readers must be anxious to get further details of the Queen's kindly gift to her soldiers in South Africa, and I therefore reproduce herewith the design for the tin, and show the exact size of this historical Chocolate Box. The order for the chocolate was divided among the three chief firms of chocolate manufacturers, Messrs. Fry and Sons (Her Majesty's Royal Warrant holders), Cadbury, and Rowntree. Each firm was then invited to submit a design for the tin which was to contain the chocolate, and the one approved of was that submitted by Messrs. J S Fry and Sons, the design being the work of Messrs. Barclay and Fry, decorated tin-box manufacturers, Southwark, London, and it is to this pattern the whole of the boxes have been made. It is Her Majesty's express desire that only her soldiers shall receive the tins, and orders have been issued for the destruction of the dies when the required number of boxes has been manufactured.

The design is striking and original, and the tins will doubtless be retained, as interesting souvenirs of a trying and eventful campaign, by the recipients. The tin, which is flat and oblong in shape, with rounded edges, has been made to contain half-a-pound of choice Vanilla chocolate of the Caracas type, a make for which the famous Bristol firm is justly celebrated. The decorations have been carried out in accordance with special instructions issued by Her Majesty. In the centre of the lid, on a red background edged with blue, is a large medallion of the Queen. On one side, in blue, white, and gold, is the Royal



LATEST PHOTO OF MAJOR THE HON. WILLIAM LAMBTON, 1st COLDSTREAM GUARDS, WOUNDED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

it for his honeymoon, but, although he offered the proprietor an open cheque, he saw himself refused firmly. The Niçois look forward with confidence to 1901, when they are convinced Her Majesty will once more revive old and happy memories. A story of the Queen's wonderful memory is told by General Jeannerod, of the Nice garrison. Talking to her one day, he told her that he was present at Longchamps in 1855 when she reviewed the French troops. "Not at Longchamps, General," she said with a smile. "My memory is better than yours; it was on the Champ de Mars!"

The good wishes of two—nay, of three—continents accompany the *Maine* on her long voyage. It is hoped by all her friends that the comparative rest will do Lady Randolph Churchill good. Her ladyship's quarters on the *Maine* were made very pretty and comfortable, thanks to the forethought of her friends. They practically consist of a small flat, including two state-rooms and a bath-room, built actually on deck. The saloon is charming, the general scheme of decoration being light green, while special attention has been paid to the little piano, for Lady Randolph enjoys the reputation of being one of the best amateur pianists in the United Kingdom.

One delightful feature of the *Maine* is its well-stocked library, where each wounded Tommy will be able to find a perfect



HER MAJESTY'S THOUGHTFUL NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO HER TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photograph showing the Exact Size and Design of the Tin of Chocolate.



monogram, and on the other "South Africa, 1900," while underneath, in facsimile of Her Majesty's handwriting, is the inscription, "I wish you a very happy New Year." The kindly expression will be re-echoed



LIEUTENANT FERGUSSON, WHO FELL AT LADYSMITH.

*Photo by Hills and Saunders, Eton.*

throughout the length and breadth of the land, and Tommy, on his part, will exclaim, "The same to Your Majesty!"

Lieutenant William McClintock Bunbury, of the Scots Guards, who is the son and heir of Lord Rathdonnell, is probably one of the youngest, if not the youngest, of the officers engaged in the present campaign, being only just twenty-one years of age. Another extremely youthful officer is Lieutenant Lord O'Hagan, of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, who attained his majority only during the present month. His lordship, who comes of a very ancient family, succeeded to the title when only seven years old, and his heir is his brother Maurice, who is four years his junior.

Although Magersfontein is generally accepted as a reverse, it is probable that, when the true history of the war comes to be written, it will rank as something very like a victory. Owing to their heavy losses, the gallant Black Watch and other kilted regiments have monopolised attention; but it would seem that the 1st Highland Light Infantry—the only trewed regiment of the Highland Brigade—actually managed to reach the Boer trenches. Indeed, according to the *Standard Correspondent*, although they were compelled to retire, they managed to bring off six Boer prisoners with them. Then the "Dargai Boys" cut off some eighty of the enemy—probably the Scandinavians—and the only one left alive was brought in a prisoner. However, it seems an argument in favour of trews *versus* kilt if it is true that the only battalion which got into the Boer trenches was the "H.L.I.," a regiment which has an "honours" roll second to none in the service. Against barbed wire, khaki trews may not be much of a protection, but with bare knees one might well be excused from attempting to get through or over it.

Hunting and shooting have suffered to some extent from the absence of the hard riders and keen sportsmen who are now on duty in South Africa; amateur stage-land is also a loser. In the *matinée* given by the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Trevor at the Haymarket a few months ago, I saw two soldiers who acted excellently. One was Captain Baden-Powell, brother of the gallant defender of Mafeking; the other was Lieutenant the Hon. Robert Lygon, brother of Earl Beauchamp. Captain Baden-Powell is now with Lord Methuen's force, and was in the Modder River battle; Mr. Robert Lygon was wounded at Belmont, and is back in England once again. If these gentlemen can fight as well as they can act, they will be valued by their commanding officer. Mrs. Hill-Trevor's *matinée* was given in aid of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It is to be hoped that this excellent Fund will not be

forgotten by the public in the stress of more prominent appeals. The Transvaal Rebellion does not lessen our debt to the gallant fellows of the M.F.B., who yield to no body of men in bravery and devotion to duty.

It is only just to hear both sides of a case. A correspondent writes to me from Port Elizabeth as follows—

In your issue of Oct. 18, 1899, page 562, I notice an article by Mrs. Adrian Rapley. It is a great pity that exaggerated statements respecting this country should be liable to be accepted by the British public as being true. Your correspondent states that the distance from Port Elizabeth to Colesberg is only about two hours' good journey by a fast train, but that the train she travelled by took nine hours. Port Elizabeth is over three hundred miles from Colesberg, and I have yet to learn of any country in the world where trains travel at a hundred and fifty miles per hour. Mrs. Rapley's remarks respecting Boer hospitality are altogether wrong, and only betray her ignorance. I have known this country for over seven years, and have covered the whole of the Free State by cart time after time, continually having to accept the hospitality of the Boer, and can only say that I have always found the greatest kindness shown to me, even up to the time the present war commenced, when race-feeling was very high. The statements I make can be borne out by dozens of "commercial" who have seen considerably more of the Free State and the Boers than ever Mrs. Adrian Rapley saw. I trust you will contradict the article "How I Liked the Boers." I am an Englishman, and do not hold a "brief" for the Boer, but I do like people given their due.

The continuation of the war is marked by distress in several quarters. London and Holland are suffering, to some small degree, from the siege of Kimberley. The diamond industry employs a great number of humble workers in Holland, particularly in Amsterdam, and there are travellers and dealers in a small way of business continually journeying between the Dutch and English capitals. They are all without work, or, at best, with a very little, and there is no prospect of renewed activity for some long time. I know few more striking examples of trade carelessness than is to be remarked in Amsterdam. On the *Achter Graacht* you may find young boys walking and running about with hundreds and even thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds carried in tissue-paper. In small cafés, dealers compare notes and show bargains, handling gems of price *in coram populo*. One would imagine that skilled thieves would have no trouble in securing some of these valuable prize packets, but I hear of no attempt to do so, though some houses employ boys hardly in their teens to take stones to and from the mills. The price of skilled labour in the diamond-mills is not very high—at least, not high enough to prevent much distress at the present time.



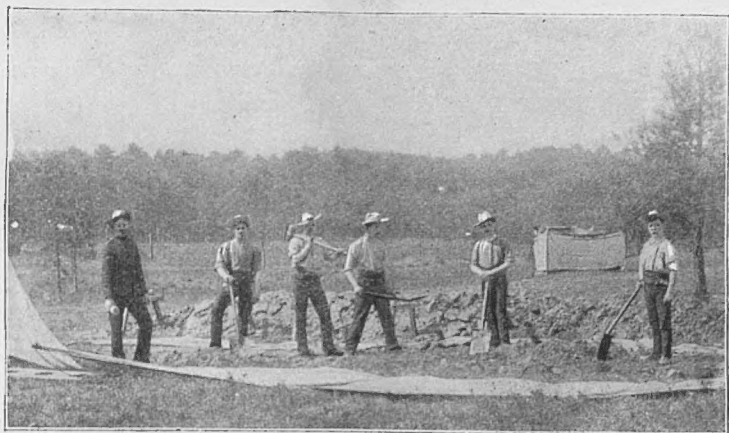
LATEST PHOTO OF CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, 1ST BATTALION ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, WOUNDED AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

Many mills are closed, and thus the investment of Kimberley and the comparative paralysis of the South-African diamond industry are felt thousands of miles away. It is many years since diamonds commanded higher prices than they do now, and it is reasonable to suppose they have by no means exhausted their rising powers.



Those who would get some idea of where the late William Simpson (the veteran War-Artist of the *Illustrated London News*) travelled, what he had seen, and how he worked, should pay a visit to Messrs. Graves' galleries, in Pall Mall, where more than a hundred of his sketches are to be seen, and are being sold for the benefit of his widow.



PIONEERS AS THEY APPEAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Eldridge, Colchester.

The note of genuineness is conspicuous in all Simpson's work, however slight, and one feels that his sketches must have been made on the spot, so fresh and natural does every feature in them appear. He is as much at home in the ball-room at Balmoral as on the heights of Spichenen, on the Manchester Ship Canal as in the Flagstaff Battery before Sevastopol. These are the limits in point of time, though not of place, of Mr. Simpson's life as an artist, and the landmarks on his journey, as recorded by him, are well worth seeing.

My congratulations to Messrs. Greville E. Matheson and Sydney C. Mayle on the new *Hampstead Annual*, edited by them. The photogravure of that sweet-faced gentlewoman, Margaret Gillies, the miniature-painter whom Wordsworth lauded, is alone worth the money charged for this well-illustrated magazine. Mr. Matheson affords fresh proof of his facility in verse-writing, and his fellow-contributors comprise Canon Ainger, Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., John Dennis, Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., and Professor J. W. Hales. *Hampstead* should be proud of its *Annual*.

The "Field-Fishers" gave an admirable little entertainment the other evening at Prince's Hall, Ealing, in which they were assisted by Señor Guetary, the celebrated Spanish tenor, and a new and promising young pianist—Mr. Louis Austin, the son of Mr. L. F. Austin, whose brilliant work as a sparkling journalist is so widely known and so genuinely admired. Señor Guetary's singing of a "Tarentella" (Rossini) was received with enthusiastic applause; and, later, his superb rendering of Tosti's "Serenata" called for a second encore, when he gave a beautiful *habanera* of his own, known as "Vision d'Amour." In Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," Mr. Louis Austin showed a perception and sympathy rare in so young a player. These qualities were equally apparent in his rendering of Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais"—a piece which, together with a difficult little "Étude," composed by himself, gave good opportunity for a display of brilliant but delicate execution. A "Chanson," also of his own composition, showed considerable poetic feeling, and, both as a pianist and composer, Mr. Austin—already somewhat advanced in thought—should in time achieve distinction. The other items in the select and varied little programme met with that appreciation which the charm and cleverness of the Field-Fisher family always deserve.

Let me give a word of cordial commendation to the Caldicott-like touches of humour in "The Duke of Berwick," a droll new gift-book by children, reflecting great credit upon the clever son of an accomplished father. The amusing drawings are by Tony Ludovici. They are as diverting as a pantomime of the good, old-fashioned, rollicking order. And "The Belgian Hare" is lucky indeed to have so able and fanciful an illustrator of his quaint "nonsense-rhyme." This should be a popular New Year's gift-book. It is published for a crown by Leonard Smithers and Co., 5, Old Bond Street, W.

Lieutenant Nigel Neiss Ramsay, of the Black Watch, who was fatally wounded at Magersfontein, was the son and heir of Sir James Ramsay, of Banff. Like several of his comrades, he was a distinguished athlete, and at Winchester was captain of the football team, champion golfer, and stroke and president of the Boat Club. Lieutenant Ramsay joined the Royal Highlanders in 1896, and his majority was celebrated with much éclat at Banff and Alyth in the autumn of last year. Lady Ramsay, it is interesting to recall, is a child of the Indian Mutiny, and is a distinguished musician and composer.

My Paris correspondent writes: "It is Admiral Fournier whom the French Government has charged with its mission to the Holy Land. Following on the traces of the journey made by the Emperor William II., the French representative has been to salute Abdul Hamid in his gilded

kiosk, and thence has proceeded to Jerusalem, dispensing favours on the road to convents and to religious orders, and has made a grand entry into Jerusalem, and there, accompanied by a staff and by French Government officials, and 'followed by seventy officers and one hundred and fifty sailors from the fleet,' he has borne in triumph the French flag to the Holy Sepulchre. And now it is the turn of the Germans to make caricatures if they feel so disposed.

"The man thus incarnating the majesty of France in the Holy Land is not insignificant, nor is he at his first diplomatic essay. Fifty-seven years old, he has passed nearly all his professional life in China and Tonquin, and has been Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Division of the extreme Orient. He has invented or perfected several scientific instruments in use in the French marine service, and has written some scientific treatises, notably on the deviations of the compass. In the diplomatic line he has been less happy. Chosen in 1884 by the Government to arrange a treaty of peace with China, he and Li-Hung-Chang together produced and signed a document which simply increased the complications, and which was worth to him, on his return to France, the liveliest raileries of the Paris Press.

"Fournier flew into a rage, and, drawing his sword, menaced all who criticised his diplomatic exploit. This opera-bouffe attitude ended, as the audience had a right to expect, in a duel with Henri Rochefort. But all this is in the past, and Admiral Fournier to-day is at his apotheosis, figuring for the circumstance a little French Emperor on pilgrimage to the Holy Shrines.

"It was the American astronomer, Miss Klumpke, who made the observations on the Leonids last month for the Paris Observatory. Paris was enveloped in a fog, and so, on the third night, when everybody was looking for the end of the world, Miss Klumpke bravely embarked in a balloon and mounted above the clouds, to ask its secrets of the sky. She was furnished with a little tray suspended from her neck and lighted with an electric jet, on which were placed the charts on which to map her observations, and she was accompanied by a secretary and the persons who managed the balloon. They started from St. Denis at a little past midnight, and at eight o'clock in the morning they anchored at four miles from the sea. It is said that her report is of very great interest, furnishing a proof to the calculations made thirty years ago concerning this star-shower.

"This fair searcher of the skies, who has upset all the French ideas of woman's proper domain, is a tall, slender woman of about forty, with pale face and dark hair, and with the self-poised manner of our sisters across the sea. Robed in a simple black gown, she may be seen every day at her post, quietly at work cataloguing the stars, and the Paris astronomers are not far from believing that Urania herself has elected her domicile among them.

"It will throw a light on the family character to say that her sister, who has inherited Rosa Bonheur's fortune, has donated fifty thousand francs of that fortune to the Society of Artists, to found an annual Salon prize. We shall see, therefore, the men who turned their backs on the great animal-painter during her life accepting a 'Rosa Bonheur' prize, as a reward of merit, at the hands of an American girl."

Madame de Falbe, of Luton Hoo, Beds., whose sad death occurred a few days ago, was the third wife of the late ex-Danish Minister to our Court, and a daughter of the late Thomas Hawkes, Esq., M.P. Madame de Falbe, who had been unwell for some months past, was a special favourite of the Princess of Wales, and the news of her death was immediately conveyed to the Prince and Princess and other members of the Royal Family. Madame de Falbe was one of the best-known and most popular personalities in London Society, and for very many years was regarded as one of the shining lights of the Marlborough House coterie.



LUTON HOO MANSION, RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MADAME DE FALBE.

Luton Hoo Mansion, which is surrounded by a well-wooded park covering 1670 acres of land, and stocked with some of the finest game in England, has frequently been the scene of Royal shooting-parties. The estate, through which the River Lea runs, now passes to Captain Gerard Leigh, of the Household Cavalry.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Life of Archbishop Benson has appeared in two enormous volumes written by his son, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, of Eton. The Archbishop was apparently very little in contact with London literary society, but he seems to have been on intimate terms with Mr. Edmund Gosse. It was to Mr. Gosse that one of his very last letters was written, and it is a curious coincidence, as Stevenson's correspondence shows, that Mr. Gosse may claim the same sad honour in connection with "R. L. S." It appears that the Archbishop sought the help of the accomplished critic in revising his work on Cyprian, and his letter opens, "One word, dear Mr. Gosse, to thank you very much indeed, and to say that I am sending the letter you advised." It ends, "Sincerely yours, with sincerest thanks indeed." Still more interesting are the extracts from Mr. Gosse's diary recording his conversations with the Archbishop. They are exceedingly careful and minute. I suppose there is now no secret made of the fact that Mr. Gosse has gone on keeping such a diary for many years during which he has lived in the heart of intellectual London. I should imagine that a very racy and instructive book indeed will come out of that diary some day.

The Archbishop was not a great reader, and the references to books in his biography are few and far between. Mr. Gosse tells us that he once discussed with him the merits of sacred poets. Mr. Gosse confessed that he did not enjoy Keble. He thought him elegant, but frigid and tame. The Archbishop replied, "I fear I do not at all agree. I delight in Keble." Mr. Gosse put in a word for the Catholic mystics, but the Archbishop expressed his strong dislike of their extravagance and sensuousness. Mr. Gosse asked him whether he did not think that poetry and piety had been eminently married in Christina Rossetti, but the Archbishop said that she was only a name to him. "Oh dear!" lifting up his hands with an impatient gesture; "what a dreadful thing it is to have so little time that one cannot do half the things or read half the books one ought to!"

There is a reference to a meeting with Sir Henry Irving at the Ramsgate residence of Mr. J. S. Montefiore. The Archbishop says, "I had a long and animated controversy with Irving and Leighton as to theatrical children, in which we went over the whole ground. They added nothing to me." Further on, there is an enigmatic allusion to the same subject. "In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, X. gives an account of my conversation with Irving! God forgive him!"

Another extract describes a visit from Mr. Spurgeon. "Mr. Spurgeon is certainly uglier than I had believed; but no one could doubt his power who heard him talk for ten minutes, his great sense, his hearty radiance, his brisk and appropriate expression, and his good feeling." According to the Archbishop, Mr. Spurgeon did most of the talking, and was very egotistic. "But he made us all like him very much, and respect the ego which he respected. . . . He sat nearly two hours interesting us all much, and he drove away in a very nice brougham with two very nice chestnuts, almost cream-coloured, and his coachman had a very shabby hat."

There is only one reference in the book, so far as I can find, to the fiction of the Archbishop's son, Mr. E. F. Benson. It runs as follows: "He did not care for fiction, much less for fashionable fiction, but he read my brother's books with a candid admiration for their *élan*, their vigour, though with a kind of mystification as to whence these qualities were inherited; and he was intensely amused to hear a report that he himself had read 'Dodo' with the tears streaming down his cheeks." I may add that, although the index to these volumes appears to be very full, it is in reality most deficient.

Some of the glimpses of politicians in the "Life" are amusing. At a Marlborough House dinner in 1896, the Turkish Ambassador asked to be presented—"lucklessly," says the Archbishop, "for it was during the Armenian massacres. He held me talking innocently about the Greek Bishops whom I knew; but, for his red-handed tyrant's sake, he was the last person I wished for, and Harcourt came up and said, 'What a picture we have been enjoying! You and the Turk in close alliance!' Then Harcourt went on about our old Cambridge days, and at heart he is the greatest Conservative." Meeting Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Goschen at Windsor, he notes that they were both earnest about the Church—"the former to relieve Bishops of drudgery that they might have time; the latter to procure an order of preachers—good preaching the chief need of the Church."

An American lady has been paying a visit to Mr. Meredith. She was very much impressed by his noble and dignified appearance. "I had expected to find an old and feeble man, and was warned in advance to make my visit short, and, above all, to try and slip away without putting him to the pain of seeing me out. But he does not look old at all. His eyes are bold and clear, and he has the voice and the laugh of youth. 'No wonder,' I thought to myself—indeed, I may have said it—'no wonder that he can tell a love-story better than any living author.' I fell to speculating on his history—a very strange and romantic one it must be, judging from the little that is known. You do not think of his books when the man himself is talking to you; he is so glorious, like some grand old lion, but, instead of roaring to frighten a timid woman, he purrs gently, and the compliment is almost greater than you can bear."

A writer who has been living for some years on the Continent tells me that she finds it almost impossible to place literary work in this country, although at one time a fair income could be made by occasional articles for the reviews and magazines. Mr. William Le Queux is one of the very few authors who manages to live abroad and yet earn money in the English market. There is a constant demand for his stories, and he says the secret of his success lies in regular, systematic industry, no matter how enervating may be the climate in which he finds himself. He wrote me recently that the heat of San Remo, where he is spending the winter, was excessive and most unseasonable, but he is steadily pushing forward several literary enterprises.

What class of literature suffers most from the war? Judging from my experience among readers, I should say large biographies. One reason may be that the newspapers pick out from books like these not only every plum, but every currant. Apropos of Lord Playfair's Life, is not this sentence from a review a thing one would rather have expressed differently?—"If biographies are to be written at all, a life like Playfair's deserves to be commemorated, and than the work of Sir Wemyss Reid—the biographer of Lord Houghton and the rest—a kindly fortune could scarce have awarded him a more appropriate headstone."

It is announced that there is to be a new edition of "Alice in Wonderland," with "an entirely new series of drawings by Miss Blanche McManus." A critic suggests that it is now in order for some enterprising publisher to announce Tenniel's original drawings with entirely new text by—let us say, F. C. Burnand. o. o.

## TOMMY ATKINS'S CHRISTMAS-CARDS.

It has long been the custom in the Army for the different branches of the Service to send an exchange of Christmas greetings, but the regimental Christmas-card proper dates back but a few years, to a time when Messrs. Gale and Polden, Limited, published for a few regiments specially designed cards. The idea has so grown that now there is scarcely a regiment or corps throughout the Empire for which the firm do not publish a special card from their Aldershot house. This year even the Colonies are falling into line, as is seen from the card of the Cape Mounted Rifles which I reproduce.

The cards, many of which are designed by the officers or men themselves, are reproduced in colours, and, besides bearing the regimental crest and motto, generally deal with something connected with the past or recent history of the regiment.

Over fifty thousand of these cards have, I am informed, been ordered by the troops in South Africa, which shows that Mr. Atkins is not the absent-minded beggar some of his friends would have us believe. Many pathetic incidents have, however, I am afraid, arisen in connection with the receipt by mother, wife, or sweetheart of a Christmas-card from the front, for before its arrival in England the recipients may have learnt that the sender had fallen a victim to the misfortune of war.

Friends of men in the 2nd Coldstream Guards were surprised to receive a Christmas greeting with the words "South Africa" printed in gold on the front underneath the regimental crest, and on the back a picture of—"Oom Paul"! The card of the Royal Engineers is an elaborate three-fold one, with photographic reproductions of men engaged in bridge-building and other works for which the Sappers are renowned. Guns "going into action" and "ready for action" are the subjects of the souvenirs of the Royal Field Artillery and Royal Marine Artillery. Both the 18th and 20th Hussars reproduce, in shape and colour, their scarlet sabretaches, with a picture of a mounted Hussar thereon.

Designed by Major Julian, R.A.M.C., the Christmas greeting of the Royal Army Medical Corps is an exact representation of the Geneva Cross within the Circle worn on the sleeves of the men, with, inside, a picture of an officer and a private in full-dress under the red flag. A card of neat design is that of the 2nd Gloucesters, showing a private of the regiment in 1756 and one in present-day marching uniform. The Highland Light Infantry have a panel card, on each side of which is a Highlander of the last century and one in khaki and putties, and in the centre are the regimental colours on a light background displaying the battle honours of this popular regiment.

As time and Mr. Kruger permit, the 3rd battalion of the Rifle Brigade send home a greeting which is a comparison between a rifleman when the Queen came to the throne and the modern specimen. It must be admitted that the fighting soldier of to-day loses in picturesqueness if he gains in safety by the adoption of khaki.

The 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards have a distinctly striking two-fold card in green and gold, showing on the front the crown and harp surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks with battle honours, and inside a Royal Irish Dragoon in mounted review order.

The heroes of Omdurman, the 21st Lancers, have chosen a most novel design. It is a folding card which makes up into a Pyramid, on one side of which is a Lancer at the charge, in allusion to the regiment's daring feat in Egypt last year. The regiments now at the front are, amongst other things, making "copy" for the fertile designers of next year's cards.

Altogether, the cards, in novelty of design and excellence of workmanship, reflect credit on the producers, and one is not surprised to hear that there is a demand outside of military circles and among collectors for complete sets of previous years' issues, which are not now obtainable.





SELECTIONS FROM "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS-CARD MAIL-BAG.



## A FAMOUS CAVALRY CORPS

Although it is twenty years since the 6th Dragoon Guards were last in action, their smart skirmish under General French the other day shows that they are worthy descendants of those former members of the regiment who in the past fought on so many a hotly contested field, from Blenheim to Kandahar. According to the latest reports of the exploit in question, the Carabiniers (as the 6th D.G.s are commonly known) were sent by General French, on the 14th inst., to attack the Boers, who were advancing towards Naauwpoort. Under Colonel Porter, their commanding officer, they intercepted the enemy, and, after inflicting upon them a loss of forty killed and wounded, forced them to eventually retire. The remainder of the troops engaged on this occasion consisted of the 10th Hussars and the 6th Dragoons, with four guns of "R" Battery R.H.A.

The formation of the regiment (which took place in 1685) was primarily occasioned by the Duke of Monmouth's disastrous attempt at

which had been granted them some forty years previously. This second name of "Carabiniers," however, was still retained as now. As one of the effects of this alteration, the uniform had to be considerably changed, in order to assimilate it with that of the other Dragoon regiments in the Service. To meet the expense thus involved, all the officers then serving received handsome gratuities. These ranged from £575 (in the case of the Lieutenant-Colonel) to £250 (for the Cornets).

In 1793 the Carabiniers proceeded to Flanders, for service against the French, under the Duke of York. On the conclusion of hostilities, the regiment was transferred to Ireland, where it was employed in quelling the rebellion that took place there towards the end of the last century. After this, the regiment was not actively engaged in any campaign of note until 1855, when it sailed for the Crimea. It only arrived here in time to take part in the latter end of the war.



THE CARABINIERS (6TH DRAGOON GUARDS) ON PARADE. THEY DID WELL IN THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT ARUNDEL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

this time to usurp the throne, for the original Carabiniers were one of the many Troops of Horse that were now privately raised for the defence of James II. Their first Colonel was Richard, Lord Lumley, and the uniform of the officers and men was scarlet with bright-green facings. It is now, it is worth mentioning—as showing the change that has taken place since those far-off days—dark blue, while the collars and cuffs, with the stripes on the trousers, are white.

At the date of its formation, the regiment was known as "The Queen Dowager's Regiment"—in honour of its Colonel's appointment as Master of the Horse to Queen Catherine—and it was not until 1692 that it received its present title of "The Carabiniers." This was conferred upon it by William III. in commemoration of its distinguished services in Ireland, where it had been actively employed in suppressing the rebellion that had broken out against his authority.

A long spell of service on the Continent, broken only by the Treaty of Utrecht, now followed. During the period preceding this, the Carabiniers greatly distinguished themselves at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and also at the countless minor engagements that took place in the War of the Spanish Succession. When, in 1760, Europe became once more embroiled in warfare, the regiment embarked for Germany. Here it covered itself with glory in the campaign of Minden and Warbourg that was in progress at the time.

On April 1, 1788, the Carabiniers were officially styled the "6th Dragoon Guards," in lieu of the title of "3rd Irish Horse,"

Nevertheless, it contrived to perform extremely valuable services in a number of cavalry engagements before the restoration of peace occasioned its return to England.

Almost as soon as the Carabiniers had landed on British shores again, they were sent out to India. This was in August 1856, and in the following May the Sepoy Mutiny commenced. In suppressing this the regiment bore a conspicuous part, and its conduct at the siege of Delhi was specially commended by the Governor-General in Council. It then embarked for home again, and performed a period of garrison duty in England and Ireland until 1878, when it proceeded to Afghanistan.

Here the Carabiniers served through the whole of the campaign that was conducted against the Ameer by Lord Roberts, V.C. In this they acquitted themselves with such distinction that it was announced in the *London Gazette* of June 7, 1881, that the Queen accorded them the honour of bearing the word "Afghanistan" upon their standards, "in commemoration of their gallant behaviour."

Brevet-Colonel T. C. Porter, who at present commands the regiment, served with the Carabiniers as one of its Captains during this war. He joined the Service in 1872, and attained to his present rank in July of this year. For some time past he has been a member of the Dress and Equipment Committee at Aldershot. Major A. Sprot, who is Colonel Porter's Second-in-Command, also went through the Afghan Campaign with the Carabiniers. He joined the regiment just five-and-twenty years ago, and became Major in 1889.





COLONEL PORTER, OF THE CARABINIERS,  
WHO COMMANDED THE CAVALRY BRIGADE IN THE SUCCESSFUL SKIRMISH AT ARUNDEL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



## "THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN!"

On the inauguration in the British Army of the much-maligned "Territorial System," many distinguished regiments blossomed forth under entirely new titles. Of the many corps thus affected, it is safe to assert that scarcely any had achieved at the time a greater reputation than had the old "Twentieth," or East Devonshire Regiment of Foot, which now became metamorphosed into

### THE PRESENT LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

Originally raised in 1688 by Sir Robert Peyton for the service of the Prince of Orange (who had just landed on the coast of Devonshire), the corps has fought, under a long succession of famous commanders, in well-nigh every portion of the globe. Among its Colonels have been Viscount Boyne (1689), Francis Earl of Effingham (1732), Lord George Sackville (1746), and Sir John Stuart, K.B. (1809). At present, the regimental Colonelcy is held by General Sir Edward Holditch, K.C.B.

What the regiment chiefly prides itself on, however, is the fact that its 2nd Battalion (formed in 1756) was commanded for some years by the gallant General Wolfe, who, in the moment of victory, fell at the Siege of Quebec. He joined the 1st Battalion just ten years before this eventful date, and, under his superintendence, it attained to a very high standard of efficiency. Among the regiment's records are still preserved a number of the orders which this distinguished soldier framed when at its head. The following extract therefrom reads a little quaintly at the present time—

Instructions For The Twentieth Regiment (in case the French land) Given by Lieut.-Colonel Wolfe, at Canterbury, 15th December, 1755.—The battalion is not to halloo or cry out upon any account whatsoever, although the rest of the troops should do it, until they are ordered to charge with their bayonets; in that case, and when they are upon the point of rushing upon the enemy, the battalion may give a warlike shout and rush in.

Every regiment in the British Army honours a particular day in commemoration of some exceptional service which it performed thereon in the past. With the Lancashire Fusiliers, the day thus celebrated is Aug. 1, otherwise "Minden Day." It was on this day, 1759, that the Battle of Minden—in which this regiment so greatly distinguished itself—was fought and won by the gallant soldiers of King George II. The severity of the engagement may be estimated by the fact that in this regiment alone 86 officers and men were killed and 235 were wounded before the enemy was finally defeated. As an acknowledgment of the corps' intrepid conduct on this occasion, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was in command of the British troops at the time, issued an order that the survivors should be "relieved from further duty." To the Twentieth, however, a reward of this sort scarcely appealed in a favourable manner, and so it is not surprising to find it chronicled that, two days later, "the regiment, at its own request, resumed its portion of duty in the line."

In 1775 the regiment was transferred from Ireland to North America, and served there through the War of Independence that broke out about this time. A tour of garrison duty in the West Indies followed, and then came a spell of active service in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby. Here the Twentieth distinguished themselves so greatly that they received "the thanks of Parliament, the approbation of the Sovereign, and the Royal authority to bear on their colours the word 'Egypt' with 'the Sphinx.'" On the establishment of peace, the regiment, in common with many others at the time, was reduced to a single battalion.

Its soldierly qualities, however, did not deteriorate on this account, and in the Peninsula, Crimean, and Indian Mutiny Campaigns, in which it successively served, the regiment acquired no less than eleven of the "honours" which are now emblazoned on its colours. In the month of March 1858 a new second battalion was raised at Clonmel. After five years' service in Ireland, it sailed for China, disembarking at Hong-Kong after a voyage of nearly five months' duration.

As has been explained, the "Twentieth Foot" is no longer known to the "Official Army List," and its place is now taken by the Lancashire Fusiliers. This is one of the regiments which was recently reinforced by a third battalion. At present, the 1st Battalion is stationed in Crete, and the 3rd at Malta, while the 2nd sailed on Dec. 2 for South Africa, where it is to be included in the Fifth Division of the Army Corps. It is commanded by

### LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES J. BLOMFIELD, D.S.O.,

an officer who has already made a name for himself in Egypt. He joined his present regiment in 1875, and was its Adjutant for three years. In India he has held several important Staff appointments, and knows everything that is worth knowing about office-work. When the Nile Expedition of last year was in progress, he was one of those who went "with Kitchener to Khartoum," and for his services on this occasion he was "mentioned in despatches" and made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. Among the senior officers accompanying him to the Cape just now are Major Amber, Captain Brunner, and Lieutenant and Adjutant R. B. Blunt. Major Hammersley and Captain Walter already represent Colonel Blomfield's battalion in the field, for at the present moment they are both on "special service" in Natal, while another Lancashire Fusilier, Major Caunter, *p.s.e.*, has been appointed to the Staff of Lieut.-General T. Kelly-Kenny, who is to command the newly mobilised Sixth Division. Altogether, "The Men that Fought at Minden" will be well represented in South Africa.

## "WHEN THE GUNS BEGIN TO SHOOT."

The recent unfortunate reverse that befell General Buller's troops at the battle of the Tugela River, on the 15th inst.—when ten out of eighteen guns engaged were captured by the enemy—has naturally directed a good deal of attention to the employment of this Arm in modern warfare. The fact, too, that the strength of the artillery in South Africa is being considerably reinforced (in consequence of the disaster in question) at the present moment makes a few remarks on the composition of a battery for service in the field of special interest just now.

To begin with, then, it might be as well to explain the difference between a horse- and a field-battery. This is really very slight, and amounts to little beyond the fact that, while the gunners of a horse-battery are mounted, those of a field-battery sit on the gun-carriages. The only other difference of note exists in the matter of armament. Thus, while that of the former is a 12-pounder breech-loader, that of the latter is a 15-pounder breech-loader. For these two reasons, the mobility of a horse-battery is somewhat in excess of that of a field-battery.

In the English Army there are at present 21 horse-batteries (R.H.A.) and 95 field-batteries (R.F.A.). About 80 per cent. of these latter are permanently stationed abroad—the majority being absorbed by our military requirements in India and Egypt. Just now, however, the greater proportion of this Arm is either already in South Africa or is *en route* thereto.

A battery of R.F.A. is commanded by a Major, assisted by a Captain and three Subalterns. The strength of its non-commissioned officers and men amounts to 157, when mobilised for active service, while 116 horses are required for its proper working. Each battery is composed of six guns (with thirty-six horses), six ammunition-waggons, and four other waggons containing baggage and stores.

The uniform of the Royal Field Artillery consists of a dark-blue tunic, with red collar and yellow braiding, and dark-blue trousers or riding-breeches, with a broad red stripe. For head-dress, they wear cork helmets, covered with blue cloth, and ornamented in front with the Royal Arms in gilt. The remainder of their equipment is practically the same as that for their comrades of the Royal Horse Artillery. When on active service, however, as just now, all the glories of gold lace and braiding, in which the members of this Arm disport themselves in times of peace, give place to the sterner simplicities of khaki and putties.

The 15-pounder breech-loading gun, which forms the armament of a field-battery, is an extremely effective weapon, as the Boers at Modder River and elsewhere have already had abundant opportunities for ascertaining in an extremely practical fashion. Inclusive of its carriage, it weighs 2015 lb. For ammunition, it fires either shrapnel or case-shot. The former projectile weighs 14 lb. and is charged with 200 bullets, while the second, weighing about 13 lb., contains 314 bullets. In the limber of each gun are carried thirty-eight rounds of shrapnel and two of case-shot. A large reserve, however, is conveyed in the accompanying ammunition-waggons.

It would take an entire volume to recount, even briefly, the achievements of Field Artillery in action, for every Military Power in the civilised world has tested the efficacy of this Arm on well-nigh innumerable occasions. One of the most memorable of these occurred at the Battle of Rossbach, 1757, when a Prussian battery of eighteen 12-pounder guns put the whole Allied Army to rout. Similarly at Marengo, Koniggratz, Gravelotte, and Plevna—as well as on a host of other equally hard-fought fields—the most splendid service was performed by the Field Artillery engaged. It is, however, probably when working in co-operation with Cavalry that the greatest results have been achieved by this arm. To the student of military history a large number of examples in support of this view are well known.

The 85th Field Battery, which has just been ordered to the front, has only been raised somewhat recently. In the current "Army List" its station is given as Aldershot, where it is under the command of Captain H. E. Stockdale. With this officer are Lieutenants W. C. E. Rudkin and C. H. Browning. Captain Stockdale, who has about fourteen years' service, has not hitherto been actively employed.

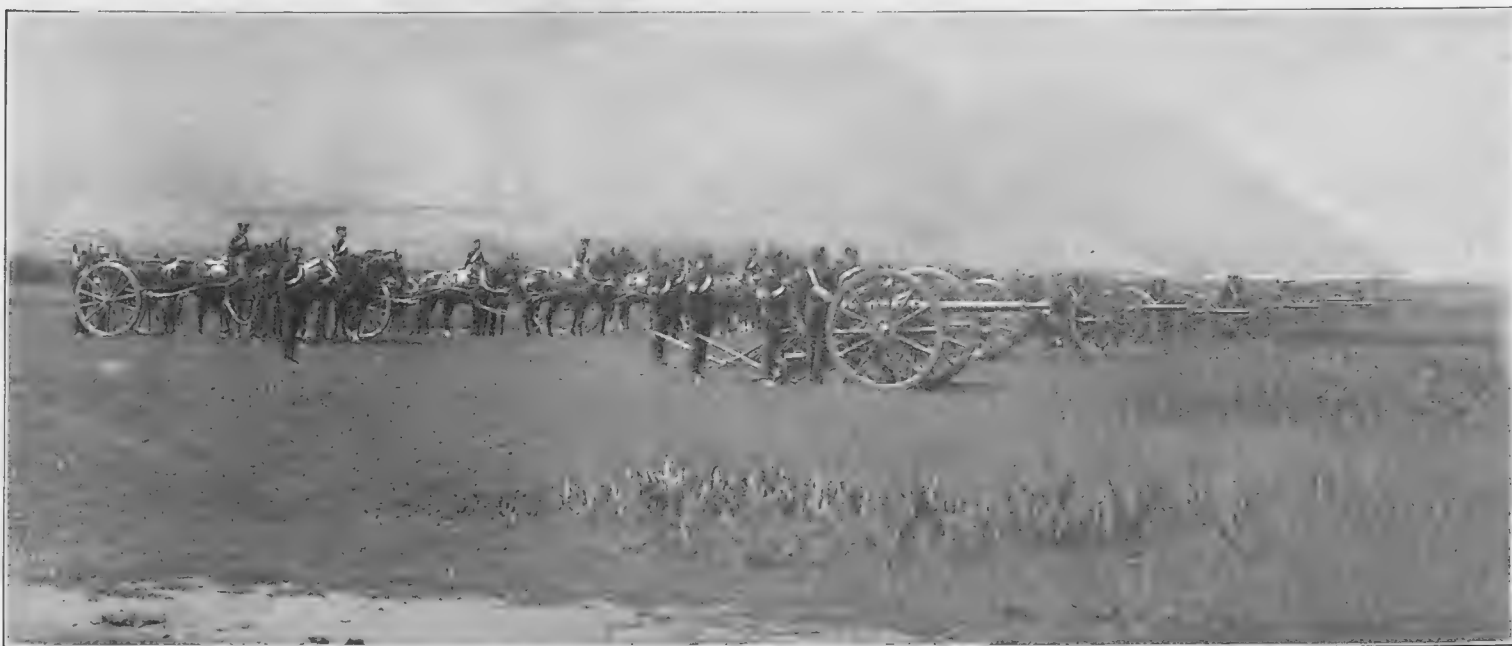
### SIR FRANCIS WINGATE.

The recent achievement of Colonel Sir Francis Reginald Wingate in administering the final blow to Mahdism in the Soudan was overshadowed at the time by the space given in the Press to the movements of our troops in South Africa. Now that the gallant Colonel is likely to receive well-merited promotion by Lord Kitchener's transference to South Africa, some facts of his career may appropriately be recalled. Born in 1861 in a Renfrewshire village near Glasgow, and educated at a private school in Jersey, Sir Francis received his military training at Woolwich, and in 1880 joined the Royal Artillery. He served in India in 1882 and 1883. In the following year he made his first acquaintance with the Soudan. He was present at the battle of Toski, at the action at Afait, and the recapture of Tokar in 1891, and as Director of the Military Intelligence Department, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, took part in the engagement at Firket and the operations at Hafir. In the Omdurman Expedition last year, Sir Francis Wingate, it will be remembered, was head of the Intelligence Department. The distinguished officer, who is an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, has a marvellous knowledge of Oriental languages, and is the author of "Ten Years in the Mahdi's Camp" and "Mahdism and the Egyptian Soudan."





"C" SQUADRON INNISKILLING DRAGOONS, WHO WERE DELAYED AT LAS PALMAS ON THE TRANSPORT "PERSIA," BUT ON LANDING AT THE CAPE WERE PROMPTLY SENT TO REINFORCE GENERAL FRENCH.



85TH BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION. THEY WILL FORM PART OF THE SIXTH DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.



MACHINE-GUNS OF THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (MOBILISED AT ALDERSHOT AS PART OF THE SIXTH DIVISION FOR SOUTH AFRICA).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLETON AND SON, NEWBRIDGE AND CURRAGH.





SOME MEN OF THE "RAILWAY CORPS," WITH A CORPORAL OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS-IN CHARGE, NOW PATROLLING THE RAILWAY LINE IN CAPE COLONY. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN NEAR WITMOSS, CAPE COLONY; WHERE THE MEN WERE STATIONED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CASEY COOKHOUSE, CAPE COLONY.



THE 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS AT PLAY: A BARRACK-ROOM COURT-MARTIAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELDRIDGE, COLCHESTER.





A WORD OF ADVICE TO CERTAIN PARISIANS, APROPOS  
OF THE FORTHCOMING PARIS EXHIBITION.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When you've shouted "Down with England!"—when you've sung  
the "Marsellaise"—

When your cheap and nasty pictures have been sold,  
Won't you make some preparations in the few remaining days  
For extorting Mr. John Bull's pile of gold?  
Your pleasures may be fleeting, and your charges may be great—  
But a simple-minded nation you will find us—

We shall keep you pretty busy chalking down upon a slate  
All the L. s. d. that we shall leave behind us.

Landlord—waiter—son of a hundred cooks—

(Fifty thousand Britishers will soon be round your way!)

Now is the moment to make your oof (but better not keep any books!)

Clean yourselves up for your own dear sakes and—prey! prey! prey!

There are families by thousands who are sure to do the show—

Though they have to put their bedding up the spout,

Every soul who can afford it to the Ex. is sure to go,

And as many more who can't, without a doubt.

We're a simple-minded nation, but we must be in the swim,

And you've no one else to blame if you don't grind us

To the bone e'er we depart, looking back with faces grim

On the hard-earned pay we've got to leave behind us!

Blind guide—"cochon"—pen-and-ink-slinger-of-mud—

(Fifty thousand Britishers will soon be round your way!)

Better be quiet till we've been and gone (and then you can chew the cud!)

Go to bed till the fun begins, then—prey! prey! prey!

Better manage that in April you can look us in the face,

And tell us—what we'd really sooner hear—

That, while we saved our money, you have saved for us a place,

And ordered in some casks of English beer.

We're a simple-minded nation, and the ties are very thin—

Almost gossamer, in fact—that serve to bind us.

But in any case you'd better do your best to get our tin,

And whatever marks of "taste" we leave behind us!

"Belle France"—"grande France"—nation of journals dire—

(Fifty thousand Britishers will soon be round your way!)

Try and be rather more careful (or the fat'll be in the fire!)

Don't waste any more pencil and paint, but—prey! prey! prey!

KEBLE HOWARD.



TOM BROWNE

99

## THE NEW "LIFE OF WELLINGTON."\*

No book in the present publishing season has come at a more opportune time than Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington," for with the war, and its successes or mishaps, occupying all minds, this lucid and succinct account of the successful surmounting of difficulties incomparably greater and more complex than those at present confronting the British nation should hearten those who take a pessimistic view of the future because of two or three initial reverses.

In his preface, Sir Herbert says that the reviewing of a work on Wellington for one of the weeklies suggested to him what a delightful task it would be to "tell the story of such a life." He dismissed the idea with the reflection that many abler pens than his had already been thus employed; but, by a peculiar coincidence, shortly after came a letter from Mr. R. B. Marston, proposing that Sir Herbert should undertake a work on Wellington as companion to Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson," and, after considerable hesitation, he decided to set his hand to it.

Like so many men who have attained distinction in after-years, the embryo conqueror was a rather dull boy; indeed, his mother, in the somewhat strong language habitual among ladies of the time, declared, "I vow to God I don't know what I shall do with my awkward son Arthur!" His one aptitude seemed to be for music. It is a curious fact that it was by the merest accident that the "Conqueror of the Conquerors" did not abandon a military career early in life, for although in command of the 33rd at the age of twenty-four, "Wesley" was dissatisfied with his profession, probably owing to the failure of the Duke of York's expedition to the Netherlands, in which he played a much more distinguished part than did many older officers; and, taking counsel with Lord Mornington, he applied for an appointment under the Revenue or Treasury Board. Fortunately he was not successful.

Soon after the abortive expedition against the French colonies in the West Indies, the 33rd went to India. Sir Herbert gives an eminently readable history of the young Colonel's career in the East, from his failure in the attack on the Tope at Seringapatam to the crowning victories of Assaye and Argaum, when the power of the Marhattas was broken. Brilliant, however, as were the young commander's achievements in the field, Sir Herbert holds they were not more remarkable than the power he exerted in directing the policy of the Marquess Wellesley.

Indian affairs were in the early part of 1805 at an end for "Sir Arthur," and his next important war-experience was the Copenhagen Expedition. But sterner work was in store for him in the Peninsula, in that First Expedition which ended with the Convention of Cintra that caused so much indignation in England. Indeed, although the British had well beaten the French at Rolica and Vimiero, capturing many guns and hundreds of prisoners, the Convention deprived the victory of much of its significance, and Sir Arthur's loyalty to the officers who had superseded him caused him to be the chief object of the anger aroused.

However, soon after came the disaster of Coruña, and the appointment of Sir Arthur to command the fresh expedition to Portugal. The history of the six years of arduous and almost uniformly successful campaigning occupies about half Sir Herbert's first volume, and the perusal leaves one with a profound feeling of admiration for the commander of whom he writes—

Through good report and ill, through difficulties and disappointments from random foreign Governments, headlong allies, and ill-trained officers . . . while every throne in Europe rocked or was engulfed, alliances melted away or formed afresh for menace, this steadfast spirit maintained its purpose, this vigilant brain converted every changing circumstance to its use.

Of Sir Herbert's views as to Quatre Bras and Waterloo, it is sufficient to say that he inclines to the opinion that Wellington was surprised and outmanœuvred by Napoleon, but "his miscalculation on the 15th was neutralised by Napoleon's inertness on the 16th." Wellington himself generously ascribed the successful result to the "cordial and timely assistance" he received from Blücher and the Prussian Army.

The greater part of the second volume is given up to the Duke's political and diplomatic life, which Sir Herbert treats with admirable impartiality. He is in no sense the Duke's advocate, but always lays stress on his absolute honesty and integrity. The Duke's amazing fluency with the pen is done full justice to. Indeed, he wrote letters to almost anybody who cared to write to him, including even an unknown quack who sent him a box of salves; and from 1834 till a few months before his death—a period of seventeen years—he kept up a constant correspondence with a certain Miss Jenkins, who, having converted a convicted murderer, "conceived that she had a mission to arouse the most prominent public characters to a sense of their sinfulness."

Sir Herbert has had the advantage of being able to consult many authorities, both manuscript and printed, including the "pyramids of correspondence" at Apsley House and the unpublished correspondence between the second Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury and the Duke; and one cannot but congratulate him upon the enormous pains he has taken with his two splendid volumes. He has undoubtedly written the "Life of Wellington." The work is rendered the more valuable by a large number of excellent portraits, together with numerous maps, plans of Battles and Sieges, and facsimiles of the Duke's handwriting. It is singularly free from errors, but on page 70, Vol. II., "the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers, the old 88th," should read "the 1st Battalion." Sir Herbert dedicates his masterpiece to "the British Army, in profound admiration for its past and equal confidence in its future."

J. N.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Christmas entertainments must preserve the spirit of old-time festivity if they are to appeal to the greater public. It is a complaint often heard, and well justified, that the majority of pantomimes have no relation to the season they celebrate, that they might be produced at Midsummer without seeming incongruity. At the Crystal Palace this complaint is never met. The management keeps the season well in mind, and no house in or near London offers more appropriate entertainment. At the moment an enormous Christmas Tree, seventy feet high, towers aloft in the South Nave, resplendent with toys for the children; and, passing along the Centre Transept, you come upon the Skating Rink, where the skaters are busy from early morning to late night. It is impossible to mistake the time of year. From every corner side-shows clamour for the attention and patronage they deserve. Here are Holden's Marionettes, not seen in London for twenty years, because the Continent thinks so well of them; here is the wonderful menagerie of "Lord" George Sanger, who has taken up his abode at Sydenham for the Christmas holidays, and has brought a remarkable collection of birds and beasts with him. In the West Corridor take place a Water Carnival and a Walrus Hunt. Quite another class of entertainment is provided a short distance away, where a gallery of pictures by Thaddeus is on view, and a silver collection on behalf of the War Funds is made through the medium of the descriptive catalogue.

Add these attractions to those regularly installed at Sydenham, and it will be seen that the Crystal Palace would be by no means behind its competitors even if the list ended here. In point of fact, the most important item is still unnoticed. This is "Cyril's Christmas Dream," a spectacular entertainment that requires the utmost resources of the Centre Transept for its presentation. I learn from Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, who is responsible for the book, that Cyril dined not wisely, but too well, upon roast goose and plum-pudding. The result was remarkable. His dream wandered from Noah's Ark to a modern Circus, and in the course of its travels met some Diving Horses. Now, since Cyril dreamed, and Mr. Bridgman put the dream on record, the Crystal Palace management felt bound to interpret the dream to the fullest possible extent. So we have a Noah's Ark which, says the management, is exactly one-fifth of the size of the one that terminated its adventures on Mount Ararat; we have a wonderful Circus; and last, but not least, the Diving Horses, which all London will want to see. It is worthy of note that clowns and riders, with the exception of two performers, are all English-born. Miss Renz is, I think, Austrian by birth; and Jimmy Guion, for some time the darling of Paris, is French; all the rest, the Sisters Powell, Louise and Robert Cottrell, the Clarkes, and others, are English. To add to the variety of the entertainment, Lockhart's performing elephants have been secured, and the Bedouin Arab tumblers are also included in the cast. We have been accustomed to well-devised efforts by the Palace management in seasons gone by; the present year marks an achievement that has never been attempted before. From the hour of opening to the hour of closing there will be one unending round of varied amusements, each the best of its kind.

The Diving Horses were secured for the Palace by Captain Paul Boyton, hero of the Cross-Channel venture of many years ago, and manager of the Water Show at Earl's Court. For some time these wonderful animals were performing at Coney Island, New York, where their unique efforts created surprise among people quite inured to sensations. They mount to a platform forty feet above a big tank of water, in full view of the audience, and then, without guidance or direction of any sort, go off head-foremost. Nothing like their act has been seen before in variety stageland. The work is done with no small degree of intelligence, and, if the dive is not a successful one, they repeat it without any instruction. This is actual fact, although it is part of "Cyril's Christmas Dream." It is stated that the horses have been trained without any cruelty. When foals, they were separated from the mare by a hedge and a river. To reach their mother, they jumped the one and swam the other. Their owner encouraged them by raising the hedge until, though they could run to the top, they had to dive into the stream. When they had shown the best they could do, he sent them out into public life to repay his trouble. By this time he should not be out of pocket.

I have given in briefest form some idea of the Christmas entertainment at the Crystal Palace; within fair limits of space it would be hopeless to attempt detailed description. Ida Lawrence, who danced in the "Whitaker's Almanack" Revue, plays the part of the Spirit of Dreams in the new performance; there is a procession of toy animals from the Ark, and a quaint dance by the entire Noah Family, who are presented by some of Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson's clever pupils. It is unfair to single out more items in a programme where everything is good. The Palace is the embodiment of Christmas festivity just now, and, at a time when all the boys and girls are home for their holidays, and in search of a long, comprehensive day's pleasure, there is no house in or near London that can treat them as well. Not only is the fun bright, it is harmless; from first to last the management keeps to the well-established rule of the Crystal Palace, and earns all applause and laughter honestly. Even the politico-patriotic element is made subservient to the humour that appeals more to children, and, in seeking the franchise of the little ones, Mr. Gillman and his clever associates offer an entertainment that must, in some of its varied forms, appeal to one and all. The lad or lass from school who is not taken to the Crystal Palace to see the Christmas programme will have a distinct grievance against parents or guardians.

\* "The Life of Wellington." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Two Vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.



CAPTAIN BOYTON'S DIVING HORSES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

*Photographs by Tracy A. Tisdell, Brooklyn, New York.*



"MYSELF!" MR. AND MRS. DAN LENO IN PRIVATE LIFE.

*From Photographs by Mrs. Barton, Wishaw, Birmingham.*



"CLUBS LED."



"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."



"DO YOU FOLLOW ME?"



"MY TRICK."





**A XMAS  
GREETING.**





A MATTER OF STYLE.







D.G.

Art Repro Co

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,  
For to-night we'll merry be and yet discreetly sober.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE.



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, MANAGER AND PRODUCER, WHO BEATS THE RECORD AT OLD DRURY.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL, DELIGHTED TO REJOIN DAN AT "THE LANE."

*Photo by Blampsey Brothers, Islington.*



MR. JOHNNY DANVERS, WHO PLAYS KING RAT-A-TAT (AND IS DAN LENO'S UNCLE).

*Photo by Austen, Highbury Place, N.*



MR. ERNEST D'AUBAN, THE FAMOUS DANCER, THE AGILE SON OF A CLEVER FATHER.

*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*

## OLD DRURY'S NEWEST PANTOMIME.

The latest Drury Lane pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk," which was at one time to be called "Jack the Giant-Killer," might with some fitness have been entitled "Arthur the Giant-Buyer." It is an open secret that Mr. Collins, when he first resolved to present to our juvenile playgoers and their parents, sisters, cousins, and aunts, a greater number of the sons of Anak than had ever before been seen in one piece on any stage, explored sundry strange and mysterious parts of the Continent in search of giants, meeting with many extraordinary adventures on the way. It was in and around Bordeaux, and especially at an out-of-the-way place called Yehoux, that Managing-Director Collins captured (for a "consideration," of course) most of the many giant players in the aforesaid pantomime. Without divulging to youthful *Sketch* readers in what manner some of these giants are made to appear still more giant-like, it may at once be said the aforesaid intrepid explorer has reason to be proud of his giant result. It may be also stated that two of these lofty characters (which are speaking parts, and not, like most of the others, "thinking" parts) are named Tommy and Bessie. They are respectively played by two celebrated giant-exponents, namely, Mr. George Lake-Grange and Mr. H. A. Lönsdell.

This Giant business, which forms such an important feature at Old Drury this year, is chiefly found in the second half of this appropriately gigantic pantomime, and culminates in a most striking scene, showing the fall of a giant fifty feet high, and made up like our friend the enemy, Mr. Kruger. After this mammoth Boer has fallen from his high estate, crushing several villages in his descent, a very extraordinary scene ensues. Not only does the Hero Jack stand upon the Giant's knee and warble an appropriately defiant patriotic ditty—while War-Correspondents, seated on his boots, prepare their copy—but from a pocket of the Giant Boer there issues forth a mighty army of British and Colonial troops, each one realistically uniformed and wonderfully trained.

Before this happy consummation is reached, there is cleverly unfolded the story of Jack and his famous Beanstalk, together with that of the Cow, who has to pay the "rent" just as though he were a Hibernian Pig. In this first part, one sees—among other things—the Roots of the Magic Beanstalk, where the Demon Worm (who is quite an entomological Heavy Villain) plots to ruin the Hero Jack and all his belongings, including even his poor old mother, a widow, who this time is named Mrs. Kelly, perhaps because the part is played by the great friend of that mysterious lady, namely, Mr. Dan Leno. It will readily be imagined by those who know the universally popular droll that, in spite of the widow's woes and worries, the poor lady finds means to excite the loudest of mirth in others. Only once is this funny actor permitted to depart, as it were, from the exigencies of this leading lady's part and to obtrude his personality. This is where the widow, on making her first entrance to what is called the Trot Dairy, is greeted in a popular air from "El Capitan" wedded to the following words—

Behold, this must be Dan!  
Look at his fascinating stare!  
Look at his smile so very fair!  
So beat him if you can;  
He's a popular com-ed-i-an!

It is needless to say that, while the Demon Worm sinuously pursues his nefarious plans, a good fairy is ever at hand bent upon frustrating his knavish tricks. This good creature is the Fairy Queen Ant (represented by the beautiful and statuesque Miss Birdie Sutherland); and interesting indeed are the benevolent devices employed by this Fairy Queen, whom the authors (Mr. Arthur Sturges and Mr. Arthur Collins) might, if they had thought of it, have called an Ant-idote to Villainy. Bright as well as brave are the doings of Hero Jack, as played by that excellent and most shapely of "principal boys," Miss Nellie Stewart, sometime of the Antipodean theatres, and already a favourite with Drury Lane audiences. Another taking part of the "principal boy" type is that of Prince Racket, represented by that other handsome specimen of "principal boy"-hood, Miss Rita Presano. There is a very quaint Royal Family in this pantomime, headed by a King named Ratatat, enacted by Mr. Johnny Danvers, who is always quaint, perhaps because he is Mr. Dan Leno's uncle in real life. With this eccentric Regal family is an eccentric servant called Pitapat, played by that rising comedian, Mr. Charles Trevor, who has ere now rendered good service at this theatre as understudy to Mr. Leno. Also, there is a Princess appropriately named Pretty, and prettily played by the theatre's new "principal girl," Miss Mabel Nelson. "But what of Mr. Herbert Campbell?" many will ask. "What does he do for a livelihood in this connection?" Well, this popular comedian enacts the character of Little Bobby, who, in spite of his mother, Mrs. Kelly, bribing him ever and anon with the loveliest of lollipops, is, alas! oftentimes a very bad boy indeed—so much so that the poor worried little mother is compelled at times to chastise this burly babe.

However, after many perplexities and peggings-back, poor Mrs. Kelly (who is a bit of a fashionable lady in her way) becomes beloved by King Rat-a-tat; Jack has his Jill (who, as I have said, is named Princess Pretty); the Demon Worm is deservedly trodden on by the Heel of Justice, which this time is made of what Mr. Campbell calls, in his latest song, "Good Old Iron," and all ends happily for the virtuous and otherwise for the vicious. But, of course, as is customary in Christmas pantomimes, even the vicious are generously forgiven, on undertaking not to be naughty again—at any rate, not until the next performance.

It is doubtful if ever, nay, it is certain that never, even at Drury Lane Theatre, has there been seen such a wonderful series of wonderful scenes.

Numerous heads of families, as well as the families themselves, are sure to be delighted alike with the panoramic view from the Road to the Market; up to the Market itself, where hundreds of specimens of all kinds of poultry, fruit, and vegetables are represented by human folk, mostly the loveliest of ladies in the loveliest of costumes. Also with the scene representing the Roofs of the City, whereon a number of very full-grown Cats, expressly designed by that master of feline studies, Louis Wain, indulge in a performance of "The Belle of New York." The great scene before the interval represents the Land of Harmony, wherein more handsome and melodious ladies and many fine-voiced chorus-gentlemen represent every imaginable kind of musical instrument under the sun or anywhere else. In this scene are many skilful harpists, mandolinists, organists—yea, and psaltry- and sackbut-players, the whole scene affording splendid scope for Old Drury's experienced musical conductor, Mr. James M. Glover. But even this gorgeous tableau is anon eclipsed by the gorgeous and dazzling final tableau of this most gorgeous and dazzling pantomime. In this scene are represented, in beautiful allegorical fashion, all the wonders, discoveries, and inventions of this, the best of all the centuries. Words would fail to adequately describe the manifold beauties of this wonderful picture. When our juvenile friends witness it, together with the splendid reproduction of their Most Gracious Queen, they will be struck so breathless with astonishment that they will be scarcely able to recover in time to laugh at the subsequent hilarious Harlequinade.

## "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE GARRICK.

Although, unlike most pantomime-producers, Mr. H. T. Brickwell has had, until a few days ago, to rehearse his Garrick pantomime in sections and in all sorts of halls and clubs, owing to Mrs. Langtry's tenancy of his theatre, this pantomime has nevertheless been carefully brought into one harmonious whole. The pantomime in question, "Puss in Boots" by name, unlike most pantomimes which are first produced in London and afterwards localised for the chief provincial towns, was first produced in one of those chief towns, Manchester to wit, and last year it was played, with enormous success, at the chief theatre in the City of Hardwaria—otherwise Birmingham. It was here that Mr. Brickwell saw the piece, and recognising in it merits beyond those that pertain to most pantomimes, at once negotiated for its transference to the Garrick. The author of the "book" is that genial humorist, Mr. J. Hickory Wood, who, a few weeks ago, might have been observed speaking several of his own humorous pieces at the Palace Theatre—pieces which, headed by his popular recitation, "The Cricket Club of Red Nose Flat," he has lately issued per the Strand play-publishers, French's, Limited. For the Garrick, Mr. Wood has prepared what is virtually a new version of his "Puss in Boots," and, of course, Mr. Brickwell, one of our astute theatrical managers (and a former Lancer), has provided brand-new mounting for this pantomime, which, by the way, he also has sent on tour simultaneously, and with a company as carefully selected as that at the Garrick. Here the chief characters are represented by the ever-charming Miss Letty Lind (as lissom and as bonnie-humoured as ever) as the Princess; Miss Florence Lloyd (who lately played the soubrette part in "With Flying Colours") as the inevitable "principal boy"; and the fine pantomimist, Mr. Charles Lauri (whom Mr. Clement Scott, in his Clement Scott-ish way, christened "the Garrick of Animal Mimes"), as the sometime Booted Puss. It is needless to say that these artists (specially trained and well-experienced in their respective "business") are more than equal to all possible emergencies. Other important characters (also requiring expert knowledge) are allotted to Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Edward Lauri and Mr. George Gray (admirable drolls both), to the charming Miss Ethel Sydney, to the nimble juggler known in Variety-land as Bellonini, and to the Brothers Huline, who not only funnily disport in what is technically known as "The Opening," but are also responsible for the Harlequinade—a kind of thing in which they are certainly without any rivals at the present moment, either in London or what Mr. Gasfitter Gerridge calls, in "Caste," the "immediate neighbouring vicinity." It should perhaps be mentioned, for the benefit of all juvenile *Sketch* readers who contemplate taking their parents to the Garrick, that the aforesaid rollicking Harlequinade will finish the pantomime every afternoon it is played, and will commence it every evening.

"Puss in Boots" contains several very striking scenes, notably that representing the Silver Halls of the Ogre's Castle, wherein sundry pretty and effective marches, arranged by Mr. Crompton, and "produced" by Mr. Percy Nash, are gone through. This scene leads on in due course to a most beautiful Garden, wherein one sees displayed every known English flower. This "set," with its electrical and other devices, is quite a triumph for so small a stage. Unlike Mr. Arthur Collins, who has at Drury Lane quite an army of giants, Mr. Brickwell has only ordered in one, and a very good one it is. Moreover, he has engaged eighty-four of the loveliest ladies ever seen on any stage, and forty excellently chosen choristers, who, like most of the principals concerned, do full justice to the melodious strains composed by those two clever melodists, Mr. Alfred Carpenter and Mr. Clement Lockname. Altogether, this "Puss in Boots" pantomime, which pretty closely follows the nursery legend of the same name, *plus*, of course, many quaint comedy and picturesque trimmings, must on no account be missed by the above-mentioned juvenile *Sketch* readers, who are hereby advised to speedily notify Papa and Mamma, not to mention generous uncles and aunts, that Mr. Brickwell charges only half-price for all youngsters at matinées. This may form an additional incentive to "grown-ups."

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE.



CHARACTER-DANCER WITH ERNEST D'AUBAN.  
*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



MR. H. A. LONSDALL, WHO PLAYS BESSIE THE GIANTESS.  
*Photo by Frank Cooper, St. Helens.*



MR. CHARLES TREVOR, WHO PLAYS PIT-A-PAT.  
*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



MISS MOLLY LOWELL.  
*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

"PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



MR. H. T. BRICKWELL, MANAGER AND PRODUCER OF THE PANTOMIME.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS ADDIE LENNARD, WHO PLAYS FELINA.

*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



MR. EDWARD LAURI, SON OF MR. CHARLES LAURI.

*Photo by Hall's Studios, New York.*



MISS FLORENCE LLOYD, WHO PLAYS COLIN.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





MADAME MARIE ELBA,  
WHO MADE SUCH A HIT IN "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL," AND TAKES THE PART OF ARIELLA IN "THE SNOW MAN," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

This is a bitter Christmas for us. It is not so much that we suffer loss and disaster, as that the disaster comes at the very height of our pride and rejoicing, at the time when our credit stood highest, and a little arrogance might have seemed excusable. We are not boasting now. "A little British Army goes a — long way," said the patriotic ditty. A great deal of British Army has gone a long way, and to no particular purpose. Each General, in turn, leads his troops bravely into a trap, with an air of surprise, as if nobody had ever thought of it before. It would be comic if it were not so tragic. Still, it must be remembered we have had reverses before in many a campaign—at first. But we have triumphed all along the line in the end. So it will be in South Africa. We are sending out at last our very best Commanders, with plenty of fresh troops. We are bound to conquer—in time.

Meantime, it is idle to carp at our Generals. It is possible some German Generals would have done no better than our own; French and Russian Generals would probably have done even worse. At least, the experiences of Madagascar and the Turkish War do not afford those nations any reason to crow over their latest commanders. We must set our teeth and push on, doggedly and cautiously, never risking an attack until reasonably sure of success, and never slackening our grip on an inch of ground. The dashing charge is almost obsolete—was never, indeed, so effective as thought. It is time for the stern, stubborn, bulldog tenacity, also proved in the past, to get in its work.

For the British Empire is not going to put up the shutters yet, and abandon the business. Rome could lose an army a-year over a barbarian tribe, and come up to the fight again, till one day a luckier consul found his chance, and the place of the tribe knew it no more. We have lost, so far, six thousand killed, wounded, and taken. A Roman army was forty thousand men, and wounded men did not get better then, nor did prisoners return. We have been spoilt by little wars with savage tribes, in which a hundred killed and wounded ranks as "heavy loss." We have never known a Cannæ, an Austerlitz, a Jena, a Sadowa, or a Sedan. Foreign friends whose nations have known such days, and got over them tolerably well too, are naturally anxious that we should emulate their experience. So they will, doubtless, hail this new defeat as the "beginning of the end." It is not—it is the end of the beginning. South Africa must be English or Dutch. Dutch it cannot be, for the Boers, brave as they are, are politically uncivilised. English it must be, if our last man goes in.

And the hard lesson might do us good. We must cease to brag of our greatness and strength, and see that we are able to keep the former and use the latter. Not, indeed, that our Continental critics are entitled to taunt us with our military weakness. We are sending a hundred thousand men six thousand miles. Not many of the Continental nations would care to spare so many abroad, and not one of them could send them so far. Madagascar and Abyssinia are the last instances of distant expeditions. But we must go to school again (and so, perhaps, may some of our critics) in methods of generalship and warfare. And we must drop arrogance and lecturing of others; and when others miscall us, we can leave them unnoticed openly, though not forgotten.

We ought to remember our friends, and we shall do no harm if we remember our enemies. Holland, of course, has a right to rail by family feeling. The Cape was once a Dutch Colony, as we all know, though many of us do not remember that Java was for some time a British Colony. The French are not so bad as they were, and their Government is fairly friendly. The word has gone out to moderate the German Press somewhat. So far, at least, there is no danger. Anglophobia is a real passion abroad, but it makes more noise than mischief. And the enemies of our country are commonly the enemies of their own, Anti-Semites, Chauvinists, Colonial enthusiasts, agrarians, and the dregs of revolution generally.

And let us cultivate a polite and courteous demeanour to other nations, especially when we finally win the present conflict. The fact of success is of itself an offence to many; it is not *all* men who speak well of you when you do well yourself, and many think ill who do not care or dare to speak it. John Bull may be forgiven a little arrogance if his affairs go badly; every hunchback boasts himself a favourite with the ladies. A modern Spaniard keeps alive by his pride. But when our troubles are over, the more apologetic we can be, the better, and the kinder we can be to our brother Boer (after we have relieved him of his Mauser) the safer it will be for the future.

In days before our middle and lower-middle classes took to travel, the well-born travelling Englishman was welcomed. Eccentric he might be, and somewhat stiff; but, at any rate, he was a gentleman, and had politeness and consideration for others. That is what we should reproduce—barring the stiffness. Let us laugh at our own bad French, not at the Frenchman's bad English; at our own Parliament, and not at the German Emperor; and French and Germans will cease to envy us our colonies, which they really would not know what to do with if they had them, and will gladly give us twenty-five francs or twenty marks for our sovereign—and pocket the odd centimes or pfennigs.

## "ROBINSON CRUSOE" À LA FRANÇAISE.

M. DECOURCELLE TELLS ITS STORY.

Robinson Crusoe was born, therefore he had a father and a mother, and, striking a rough average, it may be assumed that at the musical evenings chez Selkirk there was the usual muster of brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts. To go further: as Robinson had arrived at years of discretion, or indiscretion, as you choose to regard it, it is always even chances that his roguish eye of a sailor had induced some girl to change her name. But up till the time that the brilliant French dramatist, M. Pierre Decourcelle, became fascinated with the story of Defoe's immortal hero, centuries of silence had passed over the domestic side of the question, and it is a Robinson Crusoe that we never dreamed of that he introduces at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Still, as the little Parisian folk, who know the story as well as any of their English prototypes, go mad with delight as the story is unfolded, M. Decourcelle has approved himself a keen judge.

The first time that I saw the *féerie*, I found myself asking, "Now, if a boy followed Macaulay's advice, and reserved the pleasure of reading the story till he had arrived at years of discretion, what would be the state of that boy's mind if he saw his Robinson à la Française first, and read the romance afterwards?" I determined to ask M. Decourcelle all about it, and this is what he told me as we walked down the Champs Elysées on a brisk December morning—

"I suggested to the Châtelet the idea of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and it was received for the moment with enthusiasm; but the practical eye of the stage-manager had a chilling effect. No subject in the world could be more popular with families; but the stubborn fact remained that the stage is one of the largest in the world, and, do what you may, Crusoe and his man Friday alone would have cut a lonely figure on its vast boards. Blum, my collaborator, was as confident as I was, and, as there is an answer to most questions, I determined to find an answer to this puzzle. Night after night I racked my brains, and, almost at the moment when I was in despair of succeeding, the whole thing came to me in a flash.

"The period which Defoe describes in his romance was the very period when England's noblest sons braved the sea and the unknown in quest of adventure and conquest—just as to-day it is the children of the highest in the land that are your most intrepid colonists. I argued, 'Why not suppose reasonably that Crusoe was of good family and infatuated with the prospect of a share of the glory that was then generous to the bold?' Defoe does not treat him as being a simple, illiterate sailor, you must remember, but rather suggests a man of remarkable sagacity and intelligence, and the very poetry he puts into his mouth is that of a scholar and a man of refinement.

"And so I had my Crusoe, and the rest became comparatively easy. Crusoe was of a fine old English family; Crusoe was married to a beautiful lady; Crusoe was the heir to vast estates and unlimited wealth. That there should be a villain capable of anything to do away with him and inherit in his stead was inevitable, and I imagined a villain of the period, swashbuckler, corsair, bandit, and a general scoundrel, under the most picturesque and exciting conditions of a stirring period. You know how I have portrayed him—as a man who burns Crusoe out of his ship and leaves him to perish, who charts a cruiser to follow that of his wife, who has gone to seek him, and engages it in combat, and who, arriving on the island with his forces, attempts to seal Crusoe's doom."

In his enthusiasm for his subject, M. Decourcelle had knocked over, like so many nine-pins, sundry objections I had thrown in; but I had hoped that I should corner him when I suggested that Defoe never accredited Friday with being a white man, with a strong tendency to Sam Wellerisms. Even here I fancy I was routed, but he had arrived at the corner of the Rue Royale, where our roads parted, and a hearty shake of the hand cut short a delightful chat.

It will be a thousand pities if England does not see this "Robinson Crusoe," and those who remember the brilliant success of Mr. George R. Sims's adaptation of M. Decourcelle's "Les Deux Gosses" know how slight is the divide in the appreciation of the tastes of a popular audience between these two playwrights.

Perhaps it is not Defoe as we know him, or imagine we know him; but, at the same time, there are stirring scenes of war on land and sea, ballets that thin out the list of adjectives to describe all that is charming and brilliant, and through all runs a strong dramatic interest, with just that touch of pathos that entitles the ladies to the sweet sorrow of using a lace handkerchief.

Several actors are still playing who were with Henry Irving in the stock company at Manchester forty years ago. Mr. Archer, who was very recently, if he is not now, a member of Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum, is one of these. Another is the veteran Mr. Fred Charles, who, as Mr. Scott mentions in his new book, played with Fechter, was at the St. James's with Mr. Irving, and was the means of bringing the young actor and Mr. Scott together. Mr. Charles, whom Sir Henry Irving has often advised to publish his reminiscences, says that Irving and he had many experiences in those far-off days at Manchester which are "not of dramatic interest." By the way, one of Mr. Charles's colleagues forty years afterwards was Mr. Laurence Irving, who was playing Mr. Herbert Waring's part of Gil de Béralut in "Under the Red Robe."



"ROBINSON CRUSOE" A LA FRANÇAISE.

*From Photographs by the Illustrated Programme Company, Paris.*



TABLEAU 5: THE DANCE OF THE SAVAGES ON THE ISLAND.



TABLEAU 18: CRUSOE'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.



TABLEAU 22: THE MEETING OF ROBINSON CRUSOE WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN ON THE ISLAND.

"PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



MISS EMMA DON, WHO PLAYS PRINCE RUDOLPH.

*Photo by Whiteley, Westbourne Grove.*



MISS NORA GRAHAM, WHO WILL ADORN THE TABLEAUX.

*Photo by John Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.*



MISS AUDREY BOYCE, A HANDSOME AND STALWART "BOY."

*Photo by Hanu, Bedford Street, Strand*



MISS DORIS BURRAGE, WHO PLAYS DICKON, A RUSTIC SWAIN.

*Photo by W. H. Hayles, Baker Street, W.*





MISS JESSIE MACKAYE,  
THE SAUCY AND BEWITCHING LITTLE KATRINKA IN "THE MYSTICAL MISS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS, NEW YORK.



"THE MYSTICAL MISS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*



CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS IN THE SECOND ACT.

Miss Bergen (Anna). Mr. Blake (Boris).



Miss Cameron Mr. Norman Miss Mackaye Mr. Swain Mr. De Wolf Hopper Mr. Herbert  
(Grand Duchess). (Grand Duke). (Katrinka). (Jelkoff). (Demidoff). (Gogol).

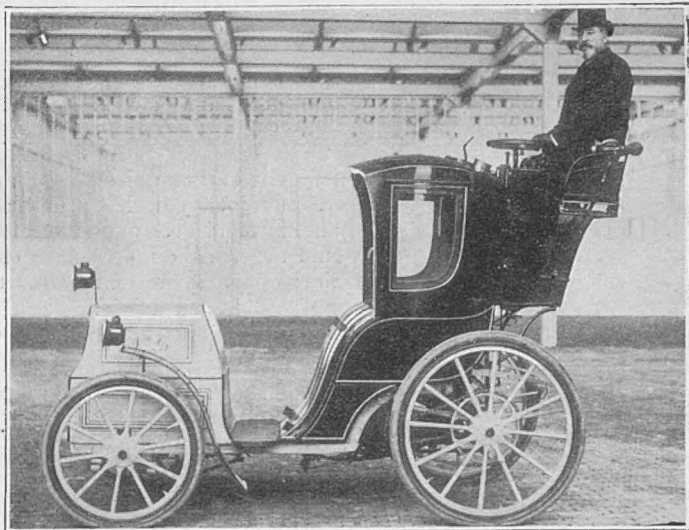
FINALE, THIRD ACT: GOGOL, THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE, IS FINALLY BROUGHT TO BAY.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 27, 4.56; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 4.57; Sunday and Monday (Jan. 1, 1900), 4.58; Tuesday, 4.59.

When these lines appear, Christmas will have passed, and we will be getting ready for the New Year. My prayer is that Christmas Day will be bright and frosty and the roads good, for a little party of us have arranged a brisk spin into Surrey that morning and back in the afternoon, with an appetite as keen as the air, ready for the Christmas dinner. A Christmas dinner eaten after a thirty-mile ride is just thirty times as good as though you hadn't ridden at all. To me it will be pleasant having Christmas in my own land. One Christmas I recall was spent on a tramp-ship—that happened to be afire, just to make things lively—churning and bumping her way through sleet and snow in the



MODEL OF AN ELECTRIC CAB.

Mediterranean. Another Christmas, three years ago, I was at Teheran, and two years ago I was at Shanghai. There are good fellows and good cyclists in both these cities, and we wheelmen taking our rides these Christmas holidays should remember there are Britishers all the world over enjoying a spin, just as we do, though with them is the regret they are not in the Old Country.

Away on the other side of the world, where they are now having midsummer, the cyclists in New South Wales are agreeing that the taxation of cycles will be a good thing. The Colonies are showing the Mother Land the right direction in this as in many other things.

How did the machine we are all so fond of get its name? The word "bicycle" has been traced to as far back as 1869, whilst the word "tricycle" is found used in the dim age of 1828. It has been suggested that "uniplet" would be a more correct word than "bicycle," but, once a name has become general, it is hard indeed to change it. That is why we use the expression "free-wheel" when really we mean "free-gear." Unless we start off with the right name, it is little good attempting to alter it afterwards.

It is now as common for the curate to cycle as it was formerly for him to take an interest in Mothers' Meetings. This year might almost be called the clergymen's year with regard to wheeling, because so many of them have recognised that a cyclist is not necessarily a rowdy, scorching personage—that, indeed, he is very well worth conciliating. There have probably been during the past seven or eight months more special cyclist services in village churches than in all the years that have gone before.

One of the most enthusiastic cycling parsons is the genial little Rev. C. H. Grundy, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley. Not only does he bicycle, but I am glad to see he occasionally makes a few guineas by lecturing on its delights. Humorously, he points out that a great many notable personages in the world have adopted the bicycle. Of course, he places himself first, not because he is the most notable personage, but because the week after he had learnt to ride in his back-garden the Emperor of Russia followed his example, and then the Emperor of Germany. The Radical tendencies of the bicycle are to be seen every day. On the same road ride together the Duke and the dustman, the Duchess and the dressmaker, the Archdeacon and the arch lady, the Bishop and the barmaid—all enjoying God's fresh air and gaining health and strength on an equal footing. They are all equal on the bicycle until they tumble off! Mr. Grundy's little ambition is that he would like to be a Bishop. A Bishop wears gaiters, and therefore is dressed in a most appropriate cycling-costume.

No one should consider himself or herself a good cyclist until able to ride slowly. There is not half the merit in riding fast as in being able to go at a crawling pace when necessary. Being able to do so is particularly useful to those who live in large towns and have to ride among much traffic. It is a nuisance as well as dangerous having to mount

and dismount among 'buses and waggons and hansom-cabs. It is much better if you can go at a crawl in the wake of a 'bus, and then are able to take advantage of the slightest opening. Besides, it strengthens one's nerve, and therefore is beneficial in another direction. Many ladies, I notice, use the agency of a kerb-stone in mounting. This is not a practice to be recommended; it is lazy, and it often causes a long walk before a suitable place is reached where they can get upon their wheel. Every woman should learn to get into her seat in the roadway and unassisted.

Going about the country, I am frequently struck by the different styles of riding peculiar to particular towns. A certain fashion is set in a certain town, and all the riders in the district follow it. It would almost be possible to tell the town from which a man comes by the way he cycles. I am sorry to say that the worst cyclists are those to be met in the suburbs of London. Indeed, the only good wheelmen one ever does come across there are seen on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, when the "speed-boys" are released from office-stool and shop-counter and make to the country for a jaunt. In an hour on a Sunday morning on a country road you see more good riders than in all the rest of the week. In Birmingham, the tendency among cyclists is to have enormous gears, running almost to the verge of the monstrous. A very high gear is all right for the cycle-track or for a district where the country is fairly level. The big gear no doubt helps the rider to impress the public he whizzes by that he is a fine cyclist, but, for real pleasure, there is nothing like keeping to a moderate and even a low gear.

Ladies who do winter cycling should avoid wearing veils. The medical profession have just discovered that veil-wearing is productive of red noses. Therefore, ladies, for their beauty's sake, should leave them alone. The sharp, fresh air of a winter morning may smart the cheek, but it is infinitely better for them.

A good many folk use saddle-covers these winter months. Of course, it is warmer and more comfortable than the ordinary leather, but care should be taken not to leave bicycles with such covers in the open. Wool seizes the damp, and, therefore, might lead to more harm than good.

One of the troubles that cyclists have just now is the finding of long stretches of their favourite roads in the hands of the road-mender. It is not pleasant to have to dismount and walk a distance to get past the rough places, and to attempt to ride over the new-laid big, sharp-pointed stones is to court disaster in the shape of a nasty puncture. One of the County Councils in the Midlands has done a good action in issuing a circular to the various authorities in its county urging that roads should be repaired in sections, so that there would always be one side of the road fit to be ridden over. However, owing to the damp, many of the roads that are not being repaired are in a bad and rough condition, so that frequently there is only a narrow strip of track by the side of the highway that can be utilised by cyclists. It should be borne in mind there is a certain courtesy always expected from men riders to women. This track may be on the wrong side of the road, so far as approaching lady cyclists are concerned, but men should not insist on their rights because they themselves are on the proper side. It is more courteous for them to move on to the rough road and give the ladies what advantage there is.

I am a great believer in vaseline. This is the time of year when, to keep the bicycle in a proper condition, the machine should frequently be rubbed over with a greasy, vaselined rag. Vaseline not only keeps out the wet, but it prevents mud from clinging to the enamel. This should not be forgotten even by those who store their wheels away during the winter months. The best thing is to have a stand that holds the machine above the ground and puts no pressure on the wheels, but the next best plan is to turn the machine up on end and let it stand resting on the handle-bars and saddle. The machine, whilst stored, should also be occasionally vaselined. Furthermore, it is a good thing to now and then rub a damp rag over the tyres, to prevent their cracking.

Those of us who run over to the Paris Exhibition next year will probably have an opportunity of seeing "Major" Taylor, "the Coloured Cyclone," as he is alliteratively called in America. He is undoubtedly the marvel of the cycling world, a long, lank nigger, a teetotaler who won't race on Sunday because of religious opinions, and who when riding seems to go deliriously mad. He has just broken the mile record, having, with a flying start, covered the distance at Chicago in 1 min. 19 sec. He rode behind a steam motor-tricycle, which protected him with wind-shields. Taylor declares that he intends next year to be the "Major's year." Deliberately he is putting himself into proper condition, determined to smash every record there is in the world, get a few hundred thousand dollars as the result, and retire.

Everybody is doing something for the widows and orphans of the soldiers killed in the South African War. Cyclists are doing their share, though this is hardly the time for having Cyclist Parades. Indeed, these are not very profitable. Men spend a considerable amount of money in decorating their wheels and buying fancy-costumes for themselves, but, although they make a bright show in the streets, the collection from the public very seldom represents the expenditure. The secretaries of many clubs have told me that their members have expended much more than they gathered. The best plan, therefore, is for cycle clubs to make a collection among their members and forward the amount to the proper place.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

I am of the opinion that Diamond Jubilee will as nearly as possible win the Derby of 1900 for the Prince of Wales. The colt was tried to be a real smasher before making his début in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, but it could be easily seen that in that race he was suffering badly from stage-fright, and he was never really in the race. But now, I am told, Marsh is perfectly satisfied with the way the colt has wintered up to now, and he is becoming quite tractable. By-the-by, it is hinted in some quarters that, in the event of Democrat being successful in the Derby, an objection would be laid against the race being given to a gelding; but Curzon, who finished second for the race, was not objected to, and, indeed, there are no grounds whatever on which to base such an objection. At the same time, if there is any protesting to be done, I hope it will come before the race, and not after.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who, as Her Majesty's Minister of War, has come into prominence of late, is a straight rider to hounds, and he is always well horsed when following the Duke of Beaufort's pack. The country round Bowood, in Wiltshire, where the Marquis resides, is perfect for hunting, and the majority of the landowners are good preservers of foxes. As a young man, Lord Lansdowne was fond of a game of cricket, and his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, also played well. I remember assisting at a match, Bowood v. Lansdowne, played about twenty-five years ago, in which seven noble-men were on the side of Bowood, while the Lansdowne team included no fewer than four Graces, "W. G.," "E. M.," "G. F.," and "H." The Marquis of Lansdowne is very fond of shooting, and he preserves largely at Bowood and on his Scotch and Irish estates. His lordship has his hands too full of more important business just now to devote much time to sporting, and I am afraid he is passing through as many anxious moments as another Wiltshire man—Sidney Herbert, to wit—did during the Crimean War.

It has struck me to make a suggestion to our military authorities that, at any rate, can be taken for what it is worth. It is that the art of guerilla warfare should form part of an English soldier's education. Instruction might easily be given in guerilla warfare in the New Forest, and I am bold enough to suggest that those men who regularly follow the New Forest Foxhounds or the New Forest Staghounds would 'ware ambushes if they had control of our troops in South Africa. Anyway, the game should be thoroughly learned at home, and I know of no better place in England for learning it than in the New Forest. The War Office authorities would have no difficulty to get over in the matter of owners' rights, and all that is wanted is a practical instructor. A month's work in the Forest would fit our troops for any guerilla warfare.

The system of duplicating racing news has of late years made the operator's work more simple, and, what is more to the point, it has lightened the burdens of the wires from the course to our big towns. For instance, many years ago, the address of every newspaper and club having racing returns from the course had to be telegraphed; but now one word and a colon will cover all of them, and the receiving clerks have to supply all the addresses. But there is still room for improvement. The red-tape merchants inside the G.P.O. insist on all the formalities being gone through; thus, if a result has to go to more than one address by private wire, it is duly duplicated by black before being re-despatched, whereas the Telegraph Staff operator, if allowed to do so, could repeat the message from the "Morse" sounder. Perhaps in the year 2000 this will be done, although I very much doubt it.

Weather permitting, there will be plenty of racing during the Christmas week. I am told that Breenworth's Pride is very likely to win the Kempton Park Steeplechase, run over three miles and a-half. Chit-Chat ought to win the Bentilee Hurdle Race at Keele Park on Thursday. At Hurst Park, on Friday and Saturday, some of the following may go close: Kingston Hurdle Race, Devon; Christmas Hurdle Race,

Wales; Old Year Steeplechase, Barcalwhey; Final Steeplechase, Craig. I note with pleasure that the entries for all the races that have closed up to now have averaged well, but I am afraid the war in South Africa will cause fields to be very small, as so many owners of horses have lost relatives in the recent battles. The outlook for the early spring racing is anything but rosy, and it is doubtful if we shall see even average gates at the flat-race meetings during the early part of the coming flat-race season. I regret to hear that mourning is the prevailing tint in the upper circles of Society at the present moment.

We often hear of jockeys giving banquets at the leading hotels, and of trainers who can afford to keep their valets, their footmen, and their butlers. We see the bookmakers driving to and from the course in equipages fit for a prince, but where do the poor owners come in? I have never yet heard of a betting owner who made racing pay, while only a few who did not bet ever lasted long at the game. It is very well known that jockeys expect and get handsome presents from somebody, and the trainers must do the same, as they could not keep up big establishments on their training-fees, so that the poor owner is bled unmercifully. I have owned a few winners, but, on principle, I never

gave the jockey a halfpenny more than his legal fee, and I certainly would never make a present to either trainer or jockey for doing what they were paid by me to do.

I think those owners who go in for plain colours for their racing-jackets and caps display by far the best taste, and score in the matter of distinction. For instance, Lord Cadogan's Eton-blue can be distinguished in a field of a score; so can Mr. J. Barrow's copper, Mr. H. C. Bonsor's apple-green, Mr. G. B. Byrne's violet, Mr. H. Chaplin's lilac, Mr. T. Connor's steel-grey, or even Mr. E. Cremetti's rainbow. Then there are Mr. H. Elsey's navy-blue, Mr. M. Ephrussi's dark-blue, Major Fenwick's black, Mr. Arthur Jeune's lilac, Mr. J. Jameson's old-gold, and Mr. Hugh Owen's cerise. All the colours I have given above are easily located through field-glasses, and they are, in my opinion, far prettier than many of the mixtures that are adopted by some of our owners. Even the red-and-black beloved of M. R. Lebaudy produced an optical delusion once at Goodwood, when S. Loates, who was riding the grey horse Quilon, seemed to have disappeared, and the horse looked to be travelling on riderless.

CAPTAIN COE.



"ARTFUL STOCKBROKER."

Photo by Landor, Ealing.

## "ARTFUL STOCKBROKER."

I was looking round the charming grounds of the Drayton Court Hotel a little time ago, when a strange object appeared before my astonished vision—a handsome young bulldog wearing a most unmistakable pair of spectacles and holding a short pipe between his teeth. I had heard of such aids to the sight of aged dogs, and at different shows had seen one with a set of false teeth, and another with an artificial knee-joint and lower portion of left fore-leg. I soon discovered that this was no aged dog, and inquired of his mistress, Mrs. J. Leggatt, of Church House, Southall, the reason of these unusual decorations for a show dog and not a performing one. She told me that "Artful Stockbroker"—for that is this most excitable young bulldog's name—is one who is always spoiling for a fight whenever he sees another canine, no matter of what breed or size, but that when he has his spectacles on his nose and his pipe in his mouth he is too much interested in them to risk an encounter which might cause the loss of his cherished possessions. Certainly, when bereft of them in the show-ring, he was breathing out slaughterings on all sides, and Mrs. Leggatt had no easy task to prevent a deadly battle with some brother bulldog.

"Artful Stockbroker" is a brindle who was two years old on Nov. 27. He is by Stockton *ex* Merit Only, and was bred by Mrs. Benham. He fully lives up to his name, and his mistress says of him, "He is so artful that he knows everything we are talking about." Perhaps he is a reincarnation of some irascible member of the "House" who was foiled by his brother stockbrokers in his endeavours to establish a "corner," as he is now by his mistress in his desire for a fight.